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THE
CONSTITUTIONAL LYRIST,

A COLLECTION OF
NATIONAL SONGS,
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,
ADAPTED TO THE USE
OF THE
LOYALISTS OF NEW-BRUNSWICK.

"A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust; and when
Can man its shattered splendor renovate,
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish time and fate?"
BYRON.

FREDERICTON, N. B.
PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY DOAK & HILL.

1845

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TO THE PUBLIC.

As no collection of National Songs adapted to the use of the people of this Province has hitherto appeared in print, the publishers hope this little volume will be found acceptable. In its compilation they have been favoured with a few original songs, written expressly for this work, for which they return their sincere thanks. Several songs have also been added by one of the publishers; and they have availed themselves of others which have already appeared in periodicals, and which they hope thus to be the means of rescuing from oblivion.— Hoping their labours will give general satisfaction, they subscribe themselves the public's well wishers.

DOAK & HILL.

*Loyalist Office, Fredericton, }
January, 1845. }*

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that a better means of preserving from oblivion —
Hoping their labours will give pleasant satisfaction,
they anticipate the notice of the public with wishes.

DOAK & HARRIS

London: Doak & Harris, 1840.
Printed by J. W. Smith, 1840.

THE

CONSTITUTIONAL LYRIST.

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first at heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain :—
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves ;
Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so bless'd as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free,
The pride and envy of them all ;
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves ;
Britons never shall be slaves.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coasts repair,
Blest Isle ! with matchless beauties crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves.

Thompson.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

Oh, Lord our God arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On thee our hopes we fix,
God save the Queen.

FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Oh, Lord in bounty shed
Joys round the Infant's head ;
Shield him from harm.
Hear now a nation's prayer,
Guard England's youthful Heir,
Make him thy special care,
God save the Queen.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THE QUEEN.

A bumper of wine come, fill, fill around ;
In this toast you'll all surely bear part,
For no honest Briton has ever been found,
To refuse to his Sovereign his heart.

May health and prosperity gladden her reign,
May her people in peace long possess her,
And heartily, earnestly, echo the strain :—
Here's a health to the Queen, God bless her !

The wealthy of Rome at their banquets of old,
When to those whom they honour'd they quaff'd,
Threw pearls of great price in their goblets of gold,
More costly to render the draught :
I boast not of gems, but my heart's in the glass,
Of its love nought can e'er dispossess her ;
Upstanding, uncover'd, round, round, let it pass :
Here's a health to the Queen, God bless her !

THE BANNER OF ENGLAND.

THE banner of old England flows
Triumphant in the breeze,
A sign of terror to our foes ;
The meteor of the seas.
A thousand heroes bore it,
In the battle fields of old :
All nations quailed before it,
Supported by the hold.

Brave Edward and his gallant sons,
Beneath its shadow bled ;
And lion-hearted Britons,
That flag to glory led.
The sword of kings defended,
When hostile foes were near ;
The sheet whose colours blended,
Memorials proud and dear.

THE hist'ry of a nation,
 Is blazon'd on its page ;
 A brief and bright relation,
 Sent down from age to age.
 O'er Gallia's hosts victorious,
 It tam'd their pride of yore ;
 Its fame on earth is glorious,
 Renown'd from shore to shore.

The soldier's heart has bounded,
 When o'er the tide of war ;
 Where death's brief cry resounded,
 It flash'd a blazing star.
 When floating over leaguer'd wall,
 It met his lifted eye,
 Like war-horse at the trumpet's call,
 He rushed to victory.

Ye Sons of Britain will you see
 A rebel band advance,
 To seize the standard of the free,
 That dar'd the might of France ?
 Bright banner of our native land,
 Bold hearts are knit to thee ;
 A hardy, free, determined band,
 Thy champions yet shall be.

Mrs. Moodie.

THE ISLE OF THE FREE.

THERE's a green isle embosom'd in white,
 That rules o'er the far-flowing sea,
 To Europe holds out a watch-light,
 And is called the land of the free.

Those fields are the greenest of earth,
Those maidens of Europe most fair;
Those cots are the homestead of mirth,
And liberty reigns in that air.

Our songs are the lov'd of each land,
Our laws are the freeman's best prize,
Our arts on each shore take their stand,
And glisten to far distant skies.
The slave looks for freedom from far,
The tyrant grows pale on his throne
When he looks at the glist'ning pole-star—
The star which is liberty's own.

What country of Europe so small
That has not been dyed with our gore?
What foeman whose flag did not fall
'Fore the red cross that flash'd on his shore?
The sun on our realms never sets,
Our flag rules in glory the sea—
May Europe ne'er sigh her regrets
At the fall of the Isle of the Free!

THE BANNER OF THE BRAVE.

The Banner of Old England,
The Banner of the Brave!
On Britain's craggy bulwarks
O may it ever wave!
May it flutter o'er our heroes
Victorious in the strife,
When the field is red with gore,
And the struggle is for life!

There's many a Banner drooping
 Submissive on the mast,
 But Briton's victor-standard
 Still battles with the blast ?
 There's many a Banner tainted
 With foul Dishonor's blot,
 But Britain's honor'd creases
 Have no debasing spot.

No—pure is England's honour
 Unconscious of a stain,
 Unyielding as the Lion
 The lord of Afric's plain;
 And ne'er shall other standard
 On Britain's turrets wave,
 But the Banner of Old England,
 The Banner of the Brave!

THE LAND OF THE OCEAN.

In the midst of the seas, like a top'd man of war,
 —Pull away, pull away, yo ho there !—
 Stands an Island surpassing all others by far,
 If you doubt it you have but to go there !
 By Neptune it was built, upon Freedom's firm base,
 And for ever it will stand I've a notion ;
 All the world I defy to produce such a place,
 —Pull away, pull away, pull away O I say—
 As the snug bit of Land on the Ocean.

From the opposite shore, puff'd with arrogant pride,
 —Pull away, pull away, so clever,— [side,
 They have oft sworn as how they would come along
 And destroy this poor Island for ever.

But Britannia is built of such durable stuff,
 And so tightly she's rigg'd, I've a notion,
 That she'd soon give these saucy invaders enough,
 —Pull away, pull away, pull away O I say—
 If they touch at the Land of the Ocean.

There was Howe ever bold in the glorious cause,
 —Pull away, pull away, so stout boys,— [plause,
 That he gained on the first day of June such ap-
 When Monsieur he put to the rout boys.
 The next was St. Vincent who kick'd up a dust,
 As the Spaniards can tell, I've a notion, [must,
 For they swore not to strike, said he demme but you
 —Pull away, pull away, pull away O I say—
 To the lads of the Land on the Ocean!

Adam Duncan came next, 'twas in autumn you
 —Pull away, pull away, so jolly.— [know,
 When he made big Mynheer strike his flag to a foe,
 Against whom all resistance was folly.
 And he sent them, you know if you're not quite a
 With a bad story home I've a notion; [dunce,
 So Duncan he beat their De Winter at once,
 —Pull away, pull away, pull away O I say—
 What d'ye think of the Land of the Ocean!

Now the Frenchmen again have come in for their
 —Pull away, pull away, so hearty,— [share,
 For Nelson has set the whole world in a stare,
 And land-locked in the great Buonaparte!
 And we'll beat them again should their stomachs
 incline,
 But they're all pretty sick, I've a notion;
 Then may victory's sword to the olive resign,
 —Pull away, pull away, O I say—
 And may peace crown the Land of the Ocean.

HEARTS OF OAK.

COME cheer up my lads and to glory we'll steer,
 While I add something new to this wonderful year
 'Tis to honour I call you, not to press you like slaves,
 For none are so free as we sons of the waves.

Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,

We're always ready—

Steady, boys steady—

To fight and to conquer again and again.

We ne'er see a foe but we wish him to stay;
 They never meet us but they wish us away;
 If they run, then we'll follow, and we'll drive them
 on shore,

And if they wont fight us, what can we do more?

Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men;

We're always ready—

Steady, boys steady—

To fight and to conquer again and again.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
 And frighten our women, our children, our beaux;
 But if their flat bottoms should in darkness get o'er,
 Still Britons will they find to receive them on shore!
 Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men.

We're always ready—

Steady, boys steady—

To fight and to conquer again and again.

We'll still make them run and we'll still make them
 In spite of the d-l and the Brussells Gazette; [sweat,
 Then cheer up my lads, with light hearts let us sing,
 Our Sailors, our Soldiers, our Statesmen, our Queen!
 Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly tars are our men,

We're always ready—

Steady, boys steady—

To fight and to conquer again and again.

OH ! THINK NOT MY SPIRITS, &c.

OH ! think not my spirits are always as light,
 And as free from a pang as they seem to you now !
 Nor expect that the heart-beaming smile of to-night
 Will return with to-morrow to brighten my brow.
 No :—life is a waste of wearisome hours,
 Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns ;
 And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
 Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns !
 But send round the bowl, and be happy awhile!—
 May we never meet worse, in our pilgrimage here,
 Than the tear that enjoyment may gild with a smile,
 And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows,
 If it were not with friendship and love intertwin'd,
 And I care not how soon I may sink to repose,
 When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my
 mind !
 But they who have lov'd the fondest, the purest,
 Too often have wept o'er the dream they believ'd ;
 And the heart that has slumber'd in friendship secur-
 Is happy indeed if 'twas never deceiv'd. [est,
 But send round the bowl ; while a relic of truth
 Is in man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine,—
 That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
 And the moonlight of friendship console our
 decline. *Moore.*

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

YE Mariners of England, who guard our native seas,
 Whose flag has stood a thousand years the battle
 and the breeze ; [foe ;
 Your glorious standard hoist again to meet another

As we sweep
Through the deep,
Where the stormy winds do blow—
Where th' battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers shall start from ev'ry
wave, [their grave ;
For deck it was their field of fame, and ocean was
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell your manly
hearts shall glow,
As we sweep
Through the deep,
Where the stormy winds do blow—
Where the stormy winds do blow, brave boys,
The stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks, no tow'rs along her
steep, [on the deep !
Her march is o'er the mountain wave, her home is
The thunders from her native oak shall quell the
As they roar [floods below,
On the shore,
Where the stormy winds do blow—
Where the stormy winds do blow, brave boys,
The stormy winds do blow.

The Meteor Flag of England shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart, and th' star of
peace return ; [shall flow,
Then, then, ye ocean warriors, the song and feast
To the fame
Of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow—
When the fiery fight is o'er, brave boys,
And th' storm has ceased to blow.
Campbell.

THE SUCCESS OF THE ALLIED ARMIES.

HERE'S to her who long
Shall flourish great and free,
BRITANNIA, famed in song,
The Empress of the sea :
For British soil was made
For Freedom's sons alone,
And here is bright displayed
A PATRIOTIC THRONE.

Chorus—Here's to her who long, &c.

When Anarchy's wild reign
O'er half the world bore away,
And life blood flowed amain,
From millions in dismay ;
BRITANNIA firmly stood,
Undaunted in the storm,
Though traitors cried aloud
For plunder and reform.

And when a tyrant rose,
To consummate their wo,
The worse of human foes
To mortals here below ;
His fury flashed and blazed,
Like lightning in the sky,
Till BRITAIN proudly raised
Fair Freedom's standard high.

Her war-blast, loud and long,
Woke those that slumbering lay ;
And Europe's sons now throng,
To chase the fiend away.
From Russia's frozen fields,
To Biscay's roaring bay,
The tyrant's power yields,
And sinks in deep decay.

Graham.

A SONG FOR THE SOLDIERS.

YE lion-hearted British boys,
 Though scattered wide and far,
 Come, hear a simple countryman
 Tune up the tramp of war ;
 With hearts light, and bayonets bright,
 Assemble on the plain—
 We knocked the tyrant up before,
 We'll knock him up again.
 So here's to noble Wellington,
 The darling son of fame ;
 And Hill too, and Beresford,
 And Combermere, and Græme ;
 And all the countless heroes bold,
 The British Isles arrayed,
 To fight the cause of Europe's laws,
 Undaunted—undismayed.

When seated on the French throne,
 With nations at command,
 We led the lad a pretty dance,
 And tried him hand to hand ;
 We sought for, we fought for,
 And nobly gained the day,
 When he veiled his bonnet in disgrace,
 And slily—STOLE AWAY—

Now comes forth the whole North,
 To emulate our fame ;
 But the bagged Fox of Elba rocks
 Will show but little game ;
 With dark brow he trembles now,
 And Europe hears him say,
 He'll make the French—Republicans
 Before he runs away. *Graham.*

THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

DADDY Neptune one day to Freedom did say,
 If ever I liv'd upon dry land,
 The spot I should hit on would be Little Britain,
 Says Freedom why that's my own island ;
 Oh ! what a snug little island ;
 A right little tight little island ;
 All the globe round, none can be found
 So happy as this little island.

Julius Cæsar, the Roman, who yielded to no man,
 Came by water, he couldn't come by land,
 And Dane, Pict and Saxon, their homes turn'd their
 backs on,
 And all for the sake of our island ;
 Oh ! what a snug little island,
 They'd all have a touch at the island ;
 Some were shot dead, and some of them fled,
 And some stay'd to live in the island.

Then a very great war man, called Billy the Norman
 Cried, d—n it, I never lik'd my land, [dy,
 It would be much more handy to leave this Norman-
 And live on yon beautiful island ;
 Says he, 'tis a snug little island,
 Shan't we go to visit the island ;
 Hop, skip, and jump there he was plump,
 And he kick'd up a dust in the island.

Yet party deceit help'd the Norman to beat,
 Of traitors they manag'd to buy land,
 By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, we ne'er had been lick'd,
 Had they stuck to the king of the island,
 Poor Harold the king of the island,
 He lost both his life and his island ;
 That's very true, what could he do ?
 Like a Briton he died for his island.

Then the Spanish Armadas set out to invade us,
 Quite sure if they ever came nigh land,
 They couldn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
 And take their full swing in the island;
 Oh! the poor Queen of the island,
 The drones came to plunder the island;
 But snug in her hive, the Queen was alive,
 And buz was the word at the island.

These proud puff'd up cakes thought to make ducks
 and drakes
 Of our wealth, but they scarcely could spy land,
 Ere our Drake had the luck to meet their proud duck,
 It stopp'd to the lads of the island:
 Huzza for the lads of the island,
 The good wooden walls of the island;
 Devil or Don, let them come on,
 But how would they come off at the island.

I dont wonder much that the French and the Dutch
 Have since been oft tempted to try land,
 And I wonder much less they have met no success,
 For why should we give up our island?
 Oh, 'tis a wonderful island,
 And all of 'em long for the island;
 Hold a bit there, (let 'em) take fire and air,
 But we'll have the sea and the island.

Then since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto
 kept tune,
 In each saying this shall be my land, [land,
 Should the army of England, or all they could bring
 We'd shew 'em some play for the island.
 We'd fight for our right to the island,
 We'd give 'em enough of our island;
 Frenchmen should just bite at our dust,
 But not a bit more of the island.

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SONG OF OLD ENGLAND.

I am the Isle of the old and brave !
My banner is freedom, my weapon the wave !
" A thousand years," the star of fame
Hath shone o'er my borders and hallowed my name :
And I, in the light of my glory, have stood
As firm as the mountain, and fresh as the flood.

Where's there a nation from pole to pole,
But I've curb'd or advanced by my strong control ?
Or sovereign power from east to west,
Whose pride I've not humbled, or wrongs redrest ?
My inquiry were vain ! for there's no degree,
Whether tyrant or slave, but has bowed to me.

Regions I've peopled of lands unknown,
Leagues away o'er the burning zone—
Made friends with the savage, and broke the spell,
That nerved him to be fierce and fell.
And have I not striven with tribe and clan,
And civilised half the race of man !

My " wooden walls " are stout and tough—
My stalwart mariners bold and bluff ;
In prowess the greatest, in battle the best,
That ever cruized the water's breast,
And where's there a power, whilst girt by these,
That dares my opinion dispute on the seas !

Commerce is mine ! my merchant fleets,
Sail whither he may the seaman meets ;
Laden with wealth they heave in sight [white ;
On the shores of the dark man, and clime of the
And herald my fame by their numbers and worth,
Through every kingdom of the earth.

I'm the centre of plenty, and source of wealth—
 The bulwark of beauty, and land of health,
 My fames and temples, halls and domes,
 May rival the ruins of Greece and Rome's;
 And where will ye find in story's scrolls,
 A name so exalted from Inde to Poles!

The stranger is welcome, the pilgrim is free,
 And the exile finds a home in me,
 I shield the brave and guard the good,
 No matter their colour, condition, or blood,
 To franchise the bondman, my flag's unfurled,
 And England, Old England's the home of the world!
J. H. R. Bailey.

A PATRIOTIC PARODY ON AN IRISH MELODY.

Oh there's not in the wide world an Empire or State
 Like the green isles of Erin, and Britain the great;
 And the last rays of feeling, and life shall depart,
 E'er the love of those Islands shall fade from my heart.

It is not that nature sheds over each scene,
 Her purest of chrystal, and fairest of green;
 Nor is it the beauty of valley or hill,
 Oh no, it is something more exquisite still.

'Tis that sons and fair daughters of Freedom are
 here,
 Who make ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more
 dear,
 Who of all Nations round them are still known to
 prove,
 The firmest in friendship, most constant in love,

When millions in Europe despairing of rest,
In silence bow'd down—by a tyrant oppress,
The chieftain of Britain—and Erin sent forth,
Their war cry to raise the bold sons of the North.

The sons of the North, at the signal appear'd,
Whilst boldly the standard of Freedom we rear'd,
And with hosts of bold heroes, advanc'd on our foes,
To fight, bleed, and conquer, for Europe's repose.

Sweet isle of the ocean, how calm, could I rest,
In some bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
When the broils that divide and distract us shall
cease,
And our banners wave mingled in splendor and
peace.

THE QUEEN OF THE ISLANDS.

THERE stands in the midst the Ambient sea
—Like Sisters, so calm they repose—
Two Islands,—the birth place of all that is free,
The terror and scourge of their foes.
The Saints of those Islands—their Patrons of old—
Obeying the nation's behest,
Convened on the death of the Sailor-king bold,
When St. George his colleagues thus addressed,—
“A *King* will not please them, whate'er his deserts;
Then give them a *QUEEN*, who shall reign in their
hearts,
—Whom they shall delight to obey—
And the Nation shall ring,
While the people all sing,
The Queen of the Islands Huzza !”

The Patrons for aid the gods then implored,
 To raise them a maid so refined
 Her beauty should vibrate each heart's dearest
 chord ;—

Pellucid and tender her mind.
 The gods ever ready the Islands to serve,
 Sent Venus and Mercury down ;—
 So fair was VICTORIA, so firm was each nerve,
 Enraptured they gave her the Crown !
 The gods all applauded, the people rejoice,
 And hail her without a dissentient voice,
 And bade her the sceptre to sway ;
 Whilst these words shook the tiles
 Of the old Abbey isles—
 "The Queen of the Islands Huzza !"

Rejoice then ye Islanders ! fervid and pure
 Your praise should ascend to the skies ;
 The star of your greatness, once dim'd and obscure,
 Is doomed with fresh lustre to rise. [wine—
 Then pledge we a bumper—well fill'd with good
 A toast to the Land of the Free—
 And firmly VICTORIA ! may all hearts combine
 In loyal affection to thee !
 And long may'st thou cherish that justice and truth,
 That marks with such envious distinction thy youth,
 While honour and fame pave thy way ;
 And thy people again
 Shall re-echo the strain—
 "The Queen of the Islands Huzza !" — *T. Hill.*

THE SHAMROCK, THISTLE, AND ROSE.

FILL the merry merry bowl to the health of the
 Sisters—
 The cradle of the arts, and of liberty the nurse ;

May the tongue that will not pledge it be covered
with blisters,

And its owner soon become a tenant of a hearse !
They're the enemies of despotism, besides the ru-
lers of the main,

Upon old Neptune's bosom they so charmingly re-
pose ;

You may seek the wide world over and the like
you'll never find again,

As the land of the Shamrock, the Thistle and the
Rose.

Fair Albion may boast of her Edwards and her
Henrys—

Her chivalric Black Prince, and her noble Lion's
Heart,—

Her Percys and her Talbots, her Warwicks and her
Salisburys,—

Her Stanleys and her Howards who so bravely
played their part,—

Her Marlborough, her Wolfe, her Clives—all brave
as men could be ;

Her Rowland Hill and Anglesea, whom none did
dare oppose ;

With Nelson, Howe, and Collingwood, who held
dominion on the sea,

With the tars of the Shamrock, the Thistle and
the Rose.

Auld Scotia may be proud of her champion of
liberty,

Who slew a host of foes, then laid down his life
in turn ;

He fought that Caledonia, his home, might be for-
ever free,

And was seconded by Bruce at the field of Ban-
nockburn.

T. Hill.

ROSE.

th of the

e nurse ;

And well may she be proud of her Abercrombie
and her Baird—

One cross'd the dreary desert, one in Egypt beat
his foes ;
But a bitter tear was shed that Corunna's hero was
not spared,
By the sons of the Shamrock, the Thistle and
the Rose.

Then Hibernia shall come in for her full share of
glory,

She never wanted heroes when her honour was
at stake ;
She has Statesmen and Warriors are famous in
story—

Her Grattan, Burke and Sheridan ; her Curran
and her Blake,—

Her own devoted Ponsonby, besides her peerless
darling son,

Who beat in quick succession all the choicest of
his foes,

And hands shall clap and voices ring at th' name of
valiant Wellington !

By the sons of the Shamrock, the Thistle and the
Rose.

Then the mountainous old Cambria may well claim
a word or two,

For loyalty and courage she has ever foremost
stood ;

Her Picton earned the laurels from that day his
trusty sword he drew

On the plains of El Badon, till the day he shed
his blood

At the glorious Waterloo, where the gore of thou-
sands dyed the plain,

Where the sons of Britain overcame each host
who dared oppose,

There the Eagle's wings were clip'd, and she bow-
ed, no more to rise again,
To the sons of the Shamrock, the Thistle and the
Rose. T. Hill.

WE'LL WREATH A CHAPLET.

(Written for this work.)

WE'LL wreath a chaplet for the brow
Of her who wears the British crown ;
We'll wreath it—ay, we'll wreath it *now*,
And she the gift will not disown—
From Brunswick's shore, old England's throne
A loyal gift will not disown.

Hail ! fair Victoria ! our Queen !
All hail ! fair lady of the land,
The fairest rose that e'er was seen
To bloom in "merry old England,"
Is she, who, virtuous, wise, and bland,
Rules with a mighty scept' red hand !

Ye pleasant vales and hills around
Where our good legislators meet !
*(Whose wisdom is the most profound !
And hearts with loyalty replete !!)*
Bloom—fragrant bloom, with flowers sweet,
We'll lay them at Victoria's feet.

And may the press with fealty true
Catch up the loyal joyful strain,
Inviting ev'ry real "true blue"
To wreath the chaplet for his Queen ;
But traitors, let them not be seen
To *touch* the chaplet of our Queen !

THE BRAVE OLD DUKE.

AIR—The Brave old Oak.

A song for the Duke—the brave old Duke,
 Who has our battles won,
 And still flourish he like a hale oak tree,
 When twice ten years are gone.
 You may sing a strain of the troubled main,
 Or the mountain's sulph'rous flame,—
 Nor the murm'ring deep nor the mountain steep
 Can match a *hero's* name;
 You may chant a tale of misery pale
 Till pity rend the throng,
 I boast no part of the wizard art,
 But an honest patriot's song.
 Then sing for the Duke, &c.

With joy elate did his young heart beat,
 When his maiden sword he drew;
 And firm his speech when he mounted th' breach
 To the stronghold of Tippoo.—
 Hope smiled again o'er prostrate Spain
 When she saw his flag unfurled,
 And with medals deck'd him when he check'd
 The conquerors of the world.
 Then sing for the Duke, &c.

Then at Waterloo with his Britons true,
 He made a glorious stand,
 And Europe free held a jubilee
 When he crushed the tyrant's band
 With loud acclaim was spread his fame,
 Till far and near it shone,
 And his name shall still cause hearts to thrill
 When a thousand years are gone.
 Then sing for the Duke, &c. *T. Hill.*

THE VOICE OF BRITAIN.

AWAY, my brave boys, haste away to the shore,
 Our foes, the vile French, boast they're straight
 coming o'er,
 To murder and plunder, and ravish and burn—
 Let them come—we'll take care they shall never
 return:

For around the white Cliffs, hark! the notes
 loudly ring,
 Britons are ready,
 Steady, boys, steady,
 To fight for Old England, our laws and our king.

They knew that united, we, sons of the waves,
 Would ne'er bow to Frenchmen, nor grovel like
 slaves;
 So before they durst venture to touch on our strand,
 They strove with sedition to poison our land.
 But around the white Cliffs, now the notes, &c.

They swore we were slaves, all lost and undone,
 That a Jacobin nostrum as sure as a gun,
 Would make us all equal, and happy, and free:
 'Twas only to dance round their Liberty Tree.
 No, no, round our Cliffs, let the notes loudly, &c.

'Twas only to grant them the kiss call'd Fraternal,
 A kiss which all Europe has found most infernal,
 And then they maintain'd the effect could not miss,
 We should all be as blest as Venetians or Swiss.
 No, no, round our Cliffs, let the notes loudly, &c.

But their note is now chang'd, and they threaten to
 pour
 Their hosts on our land, to lay waste and devour;

To drench our fair fields and our cities in gore,
Nor cease to destroy till Old England's no more.
Let them come if they dare—hark ! the notes, &c.

My sweet rosy Nan is a true English wife,
And loves her dear Dick as she loves her own life ;
Yet she ties on my knapsack, and smiles while I glow
To meet the proud French, and to lay their heads
low.

And chaunts round the Cliffs, let the notes, &c.

And Ned, my brave boy, with a true English heart,
Has entirely forsaken his plough and his cart ;
His farm he has quitted to dig in a trench,
And all for the sake of a cut at the French.

While he sings all day long, let the notes, &c.

Away then, my boys, haste away to the shore,
Our foes, the vile French, boast they're straight
coming o'er,
To murder, and plunder, and ravish and burn—
They may come, but, shall never, no never re-
turn.

For around the white Cliffs, hark ! the notes, &c.

THE QUEEN'S COME O'ER THE BORDER.

THROUGH town and glen rejoice ! rejoice !
Right glad o' heart and loud o' voice,
For our's o' blessings is the choice,—

The Queen's come o'er the Border !
Auld Scotland, shame fa' them in thee,
Wha winna join our jubilee,

We'll a' gang daft wi mirth and glee,—
The Queen's come o'er the Border!

Thy courts and chambers, Holyrood,
Ha'e long been hushed in solitude ;
Now, haith, thou'lt tremble, stane and wood,—
The Queen's come o'er the Border !
The song—the dance—the ruddy wine,
And lords and ladies busket fine,
Will gar thee look like auld langsyne,—
The Queen's come o'er the Border !

The castle cannons reek and rair,
Whare banners float sae braid and fair,
A royal welcome rends the air,—
The Queen's come o'er the Border !
A merry peal the kirk-bells ring,
While happy thousands shout and sing,
“Hurrah ! hurrah ! God save the Queen !
She's welcome north the Border !”

LET MIRTH PIPE ALL HANDS.

LET mirth pipe all shipmates to join in my stave,
'Tis old Ireland and England I boast,
Whose islands are fertile, whose children are brave,
And whose wooden walls watch o'er her coast.
May envy nor discord ne'er shiver her sail,
But fortitude steer each endeavour ;
On sea or on shore let us unity hail,
And loyalty flourish for ever, for ever,
And loyalty flourish for ever,
Hurra ! hurra ! hurra !

'To heave off a ditty, a tar, boys, may try,
 Tho' not in your musical tunes ;
 Our chorus, three cheers, makes an enemy fly,
 When set to the sound of our guns :
 Our sweet serenading, a jolly broadside,
 To drub Albion's foes our endeavour ; [ride,
 Death, when fighting for country and king, we de-
 May loyalty flourish for ever.
 May loyalty flourish, &c.

We harmony prize, love and friendship's a charm,
 And tho' o'er old Ocean we roam,
 We keep time in action, tho' ever so warm,
 Then zounds keep in tune, boys, at home ;
 'Bout ship wheel the grog, to ourselves let's be true,
 Old Neptune will bless each endeavour ; [crew,
 And the British Queen loudly be cheer'd by her
 And loyalty flourish for ever, for ever,
 And loyalty flourish, &c.

THE BRITISH OAK.

THE tree that our forefathers planted of old,
 They nursed with their hearts dearest blood,
 Till its roots in the soil had so firmly laid hold,
 That it fear'd neither tempest nor flood ;
 From the North, from the South, from the East,
 from the West,
 On its head has the battle-storm broke,
 But England has always found shelter and rest,
 'Neath the boughs of her own British Oak.

By the nations around us, grown jealous the while,
 A host of attempts have been made,

But there's something that's wrong in their seed or
 their soil,
 For their trees have blown down or decayed:—
 Some have grown up too quick, some have not
 grown at all,
 And some by marauders been broke ;
 One alone has grown slowly, majestic, and tall,
 That one is our own British Oak.

It has flourished through centuries sound to the core,
 Not a root has yet gone to decay ;
 And if burden'd with boughs that are useful no
 more,
 Why carefully cut them away :—
 But long may it flourish, the boast of our land,
 Unharm'd by hostility's stroke ;
 And perish forever that parricide hand
 That would tear but a leaf from our Oak !

HOWE'S VICTORY.

It was on Sunday morning early,
 Just at the break of day,
 Brave Howe the French fleet beat fairly,
 And shew'd them British play.
 The first broadside the Charlotte gave,
 Made Monsieur Neilly fly ;
 And told those rogues, our heroes brave
 Would conquer or would die.

Jean Bon St. Andre, on the deck
 Of the Montaigne, did say,
 " Make haste, my lads, shew no neglect,
 Crowd sails and bear away.

For Howe has giv'n us such a blow—
The truth must be confess'd—
If we don't steer from such a foe,
We'll ne'er go into Brest."

With sails full bent, away he went,
And out a signal threw
For them to fly ; which to prevent,
Our ships along-side drew ;
A dreadful slaughter then commenc'd
And many a seaman brave,
In honour fell, while we silenc'd
Them in a wat'ry grave.

In Harvey and in Parker's fame
Let Britons ever sing ;
And future time shall hail the reign
Of George, our gracious king.
Triumphant Howe ! Britannia's son !
Proud victor on the main !
Fame shall proclaim the deeds thou'st done,
And truth record the same.

NELSON'S VICTORY.

WHEN Britons first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain ;
Rule Britannia—Britannia rules the waves—
For Britons never will be slaves.

Imperial Cæsar soared to fame
Where'er the Roman Eagle flew,

Our gallant Nelson caught his flame,
He saw—he fought—he conquer'd too :
On Nelson's fame immortal praises pour,
And shout his name from shore to shore.

The valiant deed which claims applause,
From rising to the setting sun ;
From ev'ry heart this tribute draws—
Here Hawke's surpass'd and Blake's outdone ;
In Nelson's praise the gods of ocean roar,
And chaunt his name from shore to shore.

Of Egypt's land we all have read,
Where Israel's sons were forc'd to bow ;
But this with truth and triumph may be said,
The Nile was never known till now :
Sing then Nelson, his praise in bumpers pour,
And shout his name from shore to shore.

A soul inflam'd, with ardour fir'd,
On glorious death or conquest bent,
Old England's martial sons inspir'd,
And victory led where Nelson went ;
Great Nelson's name shall grace heroic lore,
Till nature fails and time's no more.

To those who brave each hostile jar,
Who fight for freedom and the throne,
And ev'ry bold and gallant British tar,
Be all our grateful favours shewn ;
The valiant tars we ever will adore,
Who fought or fell on Egypt's shore.

Should France e'er land her desperate host,
By chance evade each wooden wall,

And hurl her thunders at our coast,
 Let Nelson's glory rouse us all :
 Let trumpets sound and cannons loudly roar,
 Spread Nelson's fame from shore to shore.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO MERRY ENGLAND!

Here's a health to merry England,
 Here's a health to our Monarch and Laws,
 Here's a health to the mighty, the mighty and brave,
 Who fought and have bled in her cause ;
 Long may she flourish so free,
 Defiance long hurl on her foes,
 Exists there the Briton a traitor would be ?
 Nor die for the Lion and Rose.

CHORUS.

Huzza ! huzza ! to the Lion and the Rose,
 No Briton exists but would fight for his land,
 And die for the Lion and Rose.

Here's a health to the Army, our bulwarks of oak,
 Here's a health to our Tars on the main,
 To Europe, in terror they often have spoke,
 And conquer'd again and again ;
 Here's a health to the Church and the Queen,
 Here's a health to our Commons and Lords,
 May the brave never shrink from the grasp of the
 In defence of the Lion and Rose. [sword,

Huzza ! huzza ! to the Lion and the Rose !
 Encircl'd by glory, how lasting his fame,
 Who falls for the Lion and Rose.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

A song for the Oak, the brave old Oak,
 Who hath rul'd in the green-wood long;
 Here's health and renown to his broad green crown,
 And his fifty arms so strong!
 There's fear in his frown, when the sun goes down,
 And the fire in the west fades out,
 And he sheweth his might, on a wild midnight;
 When the storms thro' his branches shout.

Then sing to the Oak, the brave old Oak!
 Who stands in his pride alone!
 And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
 When a hundred years are gone.

In the days of old, when the spring with gold,
 Was lighting his branches grey,
 Through the grass at his feet, crept maidens sweet,
 To gather the dew of May;
 And all that day to the rebeck gay,
 They frolicked with lovesome swains;
 They are gone, they are dead, in the churchyard laid,
 But the tree He still remains.

Then sing to the Oak, &c.

He saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes,
 Were a merry sound to hear;
 And the Squire's wide hall, and the cottage small,
 Were full of good English cheer;
 Now gold hath the sway we all obey,
 And a ruthless king is he;
 But he never shall send, our ancient friend,
 To be tossed on the stormy sea.

Then here's to the Oak, &c.

DUNCAN'S VICTORY.

ENROLLED in our bright annals lives many a gallant
 name,
 But never British heart conceiv'd a prouder deed of
 fame,
 To shield our liberties and laws, to guard our sov'-
 reign's crown,
 Than noble Duncan's mighty arm achiev'd off
 Camperdown.

CHORUS.

To shield our liberties and laws, to guard our sov'
 reign's crown,
 Immortal be the glorious deeds, achiev'd off Cam-
 perdown.

October the Eleventh it was, he spy'd the Dutch at
 nine,
 The British signal flew, to break their close embat-
 tled line;
 Their line was broke, for all our tars, on that auspi-
 cious day,
 All bitter mem'ry of the past, had vow'd to wipe
 away.

Their line, &c.

At three o'clock, nine mighty ships had struck their
 colours proud,
 And two brave adm'als at his feet, their vanquish'd
 flags had bow'd;
 Our Duncan's towering colours stream'd distin-
 guish'd to the last—
 For in the battle's fiercest rage, he nail'd them to
 the mast.

Our Duncan's, &c.

The victory was now complete, the cannons ceas'd
to roar,
The scatter'd remnants of the foe, slunk to their
native shore;
No pow'r the pride of conquest had his heart to lead
astray,
He summon'd his triumphant crew, and thus was
heard to say;

CHORUS.—

Let every man now bend the knee, and here, in
solemn pray'r,
Give thanks to God, who in this fight, has made our
cause his care.

Then on the deck, the noble field of that proud
day's renown,—
Brave Duncan, with his crew devout, before their
God knelt down,
And humbly bless'd his Providence, and hail'd his
guardian pow'r,
Who valour, strength, and skill inspir'd, in that
dread battle's hour:
And humbly bless'd, &c.

The captive Dutch, this solemn scene survey'd with
silent awe,
And rued the day when Holland crouch'd to
France's impious law;
And mark'd, how virtue, courage, faith, unite to
form this land
For victory, for fame, and pow'r, just rule, and high
command.

And mark'd, &c.

The Venerable was the ship, that bore his flag to
fame,—

Our vet'ran hero well becomes his gallant vessel's
 name.
 Behold his locks! they speak the toil of many a
 stormy day;
 For fifty years and more, my boys, has fighting been
 his way.

CHORUS.—

The Venerable was the ship that bore his flag to
 Fame,
 And venerable ever be our vet'ran Duncan's name.

 THE FINE OLD ENGLISH MINISTER.

I'LL sing you a good old song, made by a good old
 wit,
 Of a fine old English Minister, of the days of Billy
 Pitt,
 Who rais'd this old Empire so that none could vie
 with it,
 And who lov'd a good old King who on a good old
 throne did sit,
 Like a fine old English Minister, one of the olden
 time.

In time of war his fame and name, was spread all
 Europe o'er,
 He sent out Wellington to beat old Boney from our
 door;
 His Nelson Heroes swept the seas, as none had
 swept before,
 There was no foe to fight with us, whom Billy did
 not floor:
 Like a fine old English Minister, one of the olden
 time.

He never stoop'd to break his faith with Britain's
old allies,
Nor fann'd a flame of Anarchy to make a rabble
rise;
Yet when he spoke in Parliament six hundred ears
and eyes
Were open'd quick, for all he said was eloquent
and wise.
Like a fine old English Minister, one of the olden
time.

His line of kindred did not reach from Bondstreet
to Shoreditch,
So he did not keep in place to make his sons and
daughters rich;
His honesty, why Gaffer Grey has never heard of
"sich;"
And down below all dirty whigs he properly did
pitch,
Like a fine old English minister, one of the olden
time.

He lost no Indies, did not rob the Dutch King of his
right,
He backed no thief in Portugal against his King to
fight;
Usurping Philip he'd have left in a most unpleasant
plight;
And as things now go wrong, so he would have set
them right,
Like a fine old English Minister, one of the olden
time.

But death at last (much wanted now) to ministers
must come,
It found this noble fellow too, with at his gate a
bum,

And just one copper in his pouch, instead of a round
 Grey sum,
 Yet old England's voice was sad as the sound of a
 muffled drum,
 At the death of this old Minister, one of the olden
 time.

I wonder now should death levánt with O'Connell,
 Hume, or Grey,
 Or carry Lord John Russell and his curs'd reform
 away,
 Whether any man in England would go out of his
 way,
 Unless it were to ring the bells for a jolly holi-
 day,
 To the tune of "O be joyful boys," as in the olden
 time.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO HONEST JOHN BULL!

HERE's a health to honest John Bull!
 When he's gone we shan't find such another;
 With our hearts and our glasses brim full,
 Let us drink to old England his mother,
 For she gave him a good education,
 Bid him keep to his Church and his King,
 Be loyal and true to the Nation,—
 And then to be merry and sing
 Tol de rol, &c.

Now John was a good-natur'd fellow,
 Industrious, honest, and brave,
 Would submit to his betters tho' mellow,
 For Betters he knows he must have:

We must have fine lords and fine ladies,
 We must have some little, some great,
 For Wealth the support of our Trade is,
 And Land the support of the State.
 Tol de rol, &c.

Some were born for the court and city,
 And some for the village and cot;
 It would be a most dolorous ditty,
 If we were born all of one lot.
 If our ships had no pilots to steer,
 Oh! woe to poor Jack in the shrouds;
 Had our troops no commanders to fear,
 They would soon be arm'd robbers in crowds.
 Tol de rol, &c.

Then the plough and the loom might stand still,
 If we were made gentlemen all;
 And all cotton-spinners would fill
 The Parliament, Pulpit, and Hall.—
 Rights of man make a very great sound,
 Equal riches a plausible tale;
 Pray who's labour would then till the ground?
 All would drink—but then, who'd brew the ale?
 Tol de rol, &c.

Then half naked and starv'd in the street
 We soon should be rambling about;
 Would liberty fill us with meat,
 Or equality lengthen our coat?
 That knaves would be levelling no wonder,
 We can easily guess at their views;
 Pray who would get most of the plunder?
 Surely those who have nothing to lose!
 Tol de rol, &c.

Then away with such nonsense and stuff,
 Full of treason, confusion, and blood;

Every Briton has liberty enough
 To be loyal as long as he's good.
 Then let us be true to our Queen,
 Uphold our Religion and Laws,
 And then let's be merry and sing,
 For this is true Liberty's cause.
 Tol de rol, &c.

A BUMPER FOR ENGLAND.

A bumper for ENGLAND—high-crowned where she
 sits—

The fair Island Queen of the limitless sea !
 On her brow is a shadow that hardly befits
 The glance of her eye which is fearless and free.
 The lion beside her—ye see him in wrath,
 By the toss of his mane, by the curl of his paw ;
 Woe, woe to the wretch that shall stand in his path
 When she rises to vindicate right and the law !

A bumper for SCOTLAND !—Sublime on her heaths
 She moves, as she thinks on her battle-fields lone,
 Where the heroes she bred gained the purest of
 wreaths—

The wreaths of a warrior that fights for the throne ;
 She will not desert when her aidance is lacked,
 Her protestant sister that calls on her now !
 O would she but rouse her !—the light of that act
 Would banish the gloom from the Island Queen's
 brow !

A bumper for ERIN,—the brave, but mistaught ;
 Who, fooled by the falsest of men and of creeds

That claimed to be christain, is fitted for aught,
 The fiercest, the darkest, the noblest of deeds !
 Could she throw from her bosom the traitors that mar
 The peace of a land which their presence defiles,
 How soon would prosperity's beautiful star
 Arise and bring light to the fairest of isles !

THE SEA-GIRT ISLE.

'THE sea-girt Isle, the sea-girt Isle !
 Land of the brave and fair !
 Where native freedom loves to smile,
 And owns that land her care :
 There let the baffled rage of faction cease,
 There live the arts of commerce and of peace !

'There shall the patriot spirit flash,
 Which dangers but renew ;
 In war the foeman's withering lash,
 In peace serene and true :
 Dauntless as stand the cliffs that guard her shore,
 Resistless as the waves that round them roar.

That sea-girt Isle ! say, shall it yield
 To fraud or tyranny ;
 For which a Wellesley brav'd the field,
 A Nelson dar'd to die ?
 No ! let her gallant sons their powers unite,
 Conservative of honour, truth, and right.

Her three-fold banner nobly waves
 Unfurl'd to that fair gale
 Which breathes not o'er a land of slaves,
 But fills true freedom's sail :

King, lords, and commons, shall the watch-word be,
Which calls to generous deeds the brave and free.

That wish, which sees their country blest,
Her peasant sons shall share :
It fires with zeal the manly breast,
The bosoms of the fair ;
The laws, the faith, their conquering fathers gave,
Conservative of good, 'tis their's to save.

Isle of our birth ! thy destinies
We mingle with our own ;
'Tis ours to guard, 'tis ours to prize,
Thy altars and thy throne :
Go ! bid united hearts our bulwark be !
Lift high the song of patriot loyalty.

THE WIVES AND THE MOTHERS OF BRITAIN.

LET each fill his glass—fill it up to the brim,
For my toast is well worthy a full one ;
Nor would I give much for the feelings of him
Who would deem it a vapid or dull one.
For him not a wine-cup deservedly foams,
Whatever gay room he may sit in ;
I give you—the women that brighten our homes—
“ The Wives and the Mothers of Britain.”

'Tis a toast comprehensive—it leaves no one out,
Whose smiles make a English heart pleasant,
From the fair cottage-maiden that, healthy and stout,
Delights the bold heart of the peasant.

From her to the dame of the stateliest hall
Our proudest nobility sit in ;
And up to the QUEEN, who presides over all
"The Wives and the Mothers of Britain "

Nor will we forget the sweet rose buds that blow
Beneath the kind eye of those mothers,
Whose hearts are their own, yet not long may be so,
But devotedly, meekly, another's.
Let us hope that their sons will be patriots true,
Like those in the room that we sit in ;
And still be it felt there is reverence due
"To the Wives and the Mothers of Britain."

ENGLAND, EUROPE'S GLORY !

THERE is a land amidst the waves,
Whose sons are fam'd in story,
Who never were or will be slaves,
Nor shrink from death or glory.
Then strike the harp and bid 't swell,
Admiring worlds adore ye,
Shout blessings on the land we dwell,
To England, Europe's glory !

Blest beyond other lands afar ;
Encircled in the waters ;
With lion-hearted sons in war,
And beauty's peerless daughters.
Go ye whose discontented hearts
Disdain the joys before ye,
Go seek a home in foreign parts
Like England, Europe's glory !

THE THRONE OF THE QUEEN IS AN ENGLISHMAN'S HEART.

It is now understood,
That our Monarch is good,
Has the blessing of the whole nation,
When war's dire alarms,
Calls us Britons to arms,
Each man will be found in his station.
Then what land but our own can such raptures
impart?
Where the throne of the Queen is an English-
man's heart.

The Russians and Dutch,
The French and more such,
Wish to upset our wise Constitution ;
But no ne'er be it said,
That Britons e'er dread
The threats of such fiends of confusion.
For no land but our own, &c.

Tell this to our foes,
If they dare interpose
With old England,—her tars are on duty,
Their Queen to stand by,
Fight! conquer! or die!
To protect Constitution and Beauty.
For no land but our own, &c.

From the Amaranth.

WAR.

COME war! come war! I'll try my hand,
I'll prove my heart in deadly strife ;

I'll link me with the foremost band
That dares th' exchange of death for life.

Prove, when the deadly rifle-ball
Shall shrilly whistle thro' the air,
If pow'r it has my heart to pall,
Or blanch my cheek with dastard fear.

If when the distant sullen peal,
Th' artillery's voice upon my ear,
Borne by the gale, shall come ; I feel
A dread of death,—that life is dear.

If when the charging host shall shake
The trembling earth beneath their feet :
Th' bay'net cause my soul to quake—
My feet inglorious to retreat.

No ! none of these my soul shall dread,
Before my eyes a meteor bright,
Thro' blood and death will draw my tread,
And nerve with strength my arm to fight.

Old England's flag will to the breeze
Fling out its fold, and lead me on
O'er bloody fields or stormy seas,
Where victor's wreaths are to be won

And there I'll be, around my head
My arm shall whirl the glittering blade,
Each blow shall count a foeman dead,
'Till cold in death this hand be laid.

When'er to arms, the trumpet's breath
Shall call !—in arms I'll first be seen,
In dangers path prepared ; dare death,
For God, my Country, and my Queen !

'T WAS ON CORRUNNA'S HEIGHT.

'Twas on Corrunna's height
 The Scottish hero fell—
 How deeply he was mourned,
 Let England's armies tell!
 Bright shone the tartan hose,
 Which Egypt's sands had known,
 For his own, his gallant Highlanders,
 Again were leading on!

Moore gave the signal forth,
 Heart-stirring words, though few:
 And away on Victory's eagle wings
 Britannia's ensign flew!
 The battle wildly raged,
 And yielding was the foe,
 When forth there sped that fatal bolt,
 Which laid the hero low!

A cheer ran o'er the line,
 Moore, smiling, heard the sound,
 But tears stood on each soldier's cheek
 As they bore him off the ground!
 The dying hero's blood
 Fell faster than the dew,
 And dimm'd proud Victory's eagle eye
 With clouds of midnight hue!

Amaranth.

THE FATE OF WAR.

I saw him go, with a swelling heart,
 From the home of his early years,
 As he proudly grasped his father's sword,
 Yet wet with a mother's tears.

A sad smile played o'er his youthful face,
As he turned from his home at last ;
And the hamlet poured its gazers forth,
To bid him adieu as he passed.

I saw him again, on the battle field,
At the head of a chosen band ;
But other drops now stained the blade
He bore in his ardent hand.

That fair face, once a mother's pride,
Was marked with a foeman's gore ;
And his war-horse pawed the bloody plain,
As if proud of the load he bore.

I saw him again, when the field was won,
And where was the soldier then ?
He slept with the brave, that sleep from which
He ne'er shall wake again.

Long, long, may the childless mother weep,
And the hamlet long may deplore ;
But, alas ! to the home of his early years,
That warrior returns no more.—*Garland.*

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

His sword and plume are on his pall,
The muffled drums beat drear and deep,
And gathering tears are seen to fall
From warriors' eyes, unused to weep.

They lay him in his dreamless bed,
The banners droop above the brave,

The requiem of the glorious dead
Thrice rolls in thunder o'er his grave.

How sound his sleep ! his battles o'er,
Life's fitful fever passed away,
Where sounds of war are heard no more,
And trump and drum are mute for aye.

While buried gaudeur cannot buy
One mourner o'er its lonely bier,
His name shall breathe in beauty's sigh,
His memory brighten in the tear !

'Twill steal upon the fatal train,
The voice of reckless mirth to quell,
And wake in music's melting strain,
Whose accents weep so wildly well.

But to the lorn and widowed heart
Can thoughts like these a balm instil ?
Can glory's voice a charm impart
To lull, to soothe, its cureless ill ?

They'll bid her try to think no more
On days and dreams forever fled ;
They'll say, that tears can ne'er restore
The loved, the lost, the silent dead.

But when was sorrow known to woo
The themes that make its pangs the less ?
Or what have broken hearts to do
With cold and dull forgetfulness ?

Or how shall e'er the source of woe
Prove solace to the bosom's pain ?
The silent tear must ever flow
Because, alas ! it flows in vain.—*Mrs. Moodie.*

**THE DAYS OUR NOBLE FATHERS
FOUGHT.**

Air—The days when we went Gypsying.

Ye sons of Albion fill the glass,
And pledge a bumper bold,
A health unto our valiant sires—
The gallant knights of old;
They loved their little Island home,
And for it took the field,
And though their foes were ten to one
They ne'er could make them yield.
Then sure this toast must fill each breast,
And cause each heart to glow—
The days our noble fathers fought,
A long time ago.

At Cressy and at Agincourt,
At Belheim, Ramilies,
And later when they drove the French
Across the Pyrenees,
Our armies earned the laurels, and
Triumphant bugles blew,
The day they fix'd Napoleon's fate
On the plains of Waterloo!
Then pledge again each battle field,
Where trumpets wild did blow,—
The days our noble fathers fought,
A long time ago.

Again where seas terrific roll'd
Ascendant rose our star,
Till Nelson their last efforts foil'd
At th' glorious Trafalgar;
And still upon each rock-bound coast
Old Ocean's bosom laves,

Our meteor flag shall proudly tell
 Britannia rules the waves!—
 For Napier rivalled—when he laid
 The walls of Acre low—
 The days our noble fathers fought
 A long time ago.

Our commerce and our fleets extend
 O'er all the ocean wide,
 Our banner floats in ev'ry port
 A ship is seen to glide;—
 The gorgeous empires of the east
 We've conquered by degrees,
 And now behold our flag goes forth
 To meet the proud Chinese!—
 Then Albion's sons where'er they roam
 Shall bravely meet the foe,
 And match the days our fathers fought
 A long time ago. *T. Hill.*

HENRY THE FIFTH'S ADDRESS AT AGINCOURT.

AIR—God save the Queen.

Rise, rise old England's might,
 Gird, gird your armour bright,
 Your long-bows bend;
 Show, show your deadly art,
 Speed, speed each fatal dart,
 Straight to each boasting Frenchman's heart
 Your arrows send!

Your course our grandsires paved,
 Whose flag o'er Cressy waved,
 When Valois fled;

They Calais forced to yield—
 They won famed Poitiers field,—
 Triumphant still we'll wear the shield,
 Or find our bed!

Lo! in their haughty pride
 Their pris'ners to divide
 Their lots they cast!—
 But though they numbers boast,
 Like sands upon the coast,
 This day unto their mighty host
 Shall be the last!

Forward! follow your King!
 Soon shall our trumpets ring
 Their funeral mort.
 Join, join the bloody fray,
 Low, low these braggarts lay;
 France long shall rue the fatal day
 Of Agincourt. *T. Hill.*

SONG OF THE BATTLE EVE.

TIME—The Ninth Century.

To-morrow, comrade we
 On the battle-plain must be,
 There to conquer, or both lie low!
 The morning star is up,—
 But there's wine still in the cup, [go;
 And we'll take another quaff, ere we go, boy,
 We'll take another quaff, ere we go.

'Tis true, in manliest eyes
 A passing tear will rise,
 When we think of the friends we leave lone;

But what can wailing do?
 See, our goblet's weeping too! [our own,
 With its tears we'll chase away our own, boy,
 With its tears we'll chase away our own,

But daylight's stealing on;—
 The last that o'er us shone
 Saw our children around us at play;
 The next—ah where shall we
 And those rosy urchins be? [boy, away;
 But—no matter—grasp thy sword and away,
 No matter—grasp thy sword and away!

Let those, who broke the chain
 Of Saxon or of Dane,
 Ignobly by their fire-sides stay;
 One sigh to home be given,
 One heartfelt prayer to heaven, [hurra! hurra!
 Then,—for Erin and her cause, boy, hurra
 Then, for Erin and her cause, hurra! *Moore.*

MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

CHORUS.

MARCH to the battle field,
 The foe is now before us;
 Each heart is freedom's shield,
 And heaven is smiling o'er us.

The woes and pains and galling chains,
 Which kept our spirits under,
 In proud disdain we've broke again,
 And tore each link asunder.
 March to the battle field, &c.

Who, for his country brave,
 Would fly from her invader?
 Who, his base life to save,
 Would traitor-like degrade her?
 March to the battle field, &c.

Our hallowed cause, our home and laws,
 'Gainst tyrant power sustaining,
 We'll gain a crown of bright renown,
 Or die our rights maintaining.
 March to the battle field, &c.

SONG OF THE 79TH, (OR CAMERONIAN) HIGHLANDERS.

AIR—Bonnets sae Blue.

O here's to the band that still honours the kilt,
 And wear the broad bonnets o' blue;
 Their hearts that with love or with pity would melt,
 In battle are gallant and true.
 We conquered when Wolfe lost his life—
 With Wellington beat them in Spain,
 And whenever Great Britain finds enemies nife
 We're the boys that can do it again.

Chorus.—So here's to our wild Highland Home,
 And here's to McDougal our head!*
 There's bosoms as loyal to follow the *drons*,
 As e'er by the bugle were led.

We always were foremost to combat our foes,
 Our orders they never could mar;

* When this song was composed, this gallant
 regiment lay in Quebec, commanded by Lieut. Col.
 McDougal.

The kilt and the bonnet,—the garters and hose,
 Were never dishonor'd in war.
 Though foemen were swarming like bees,
 Our courage did never relax,
 So if they're inclined they may laugh at our *knees*,
 For they never discovered our *backs*!

When Bony from Elba gave Britons the slip,
 And Louis retreated from France,
 By Wellington ordered his power to nip,
 How brightly our armour did glance!
 Then forward we marched to the plain,
 Where Buonaparte stood in his might;
 He saw us and cried "they can find no more men,
 So now send their *women* to fight!"

His legions against us in vain did contend,
 And at length we compelled him to own,
 That *petticoats* o'er him had victory gained,
 And sent him a fugitive home.
 Then over the borders we marched,
 With pipers so loyal and true,
 And Paris we entered with joy-bursting hearts,
 To the tune of "the bonnets sae blue!"

Then here's to the gallant and bonny Scotch Greys,
 And here's to the old Island Watch,
 In peace may they joyfully live at their ease,
 In battle ne'er meet with their match.
 And here's to our own gallant band;
 May smiles be our lot from the fair,
 With generous wine ever at our command,
 And bosoms unsullied with care.

Then here's to our wild Highland Home, &c.

T. Hill.

SONG OF THE BRITISH DRAGOONS.

AIR—The Bath Waltz.

WHEN the drums beat "to arms," and the war-bu-
gles blow—

When the fierce chargers prance for to meet their
proud foe ;

Girded be each sword,

Firm the helmet's lash—

This the battle-word—

As we dash—

Its "ONWARD BOYS ONWARD!" so lightly we'll
spring ;

We'll rush on the foe and crush his right wing.

We have fought in the East, we have fought in the
West,

And the stain of *dishonour* ne'er darkened our crest,

On the Ganges banks

British steel we drew,

And we pierced the ranks

Of Tippon!—

We earned the proud laurels for the sons of the
Isle,

Where Sir Ralph bravely died on the banks of the
Nile.

When our proud foe-man strove to enslave hapless
Spain,

In his zenith of power, we met him again.

Victor and Junot,—

Soult and Marmont too—

Envied our lot

As they flew.—

We have fought from the Tagus to Grenada's shore,
And gallantly bled at Corrunna with Moore.

When Pictou and Brunswick lay drenched in their
gore,

We lowered the Eagle, no longer to soar ;

“Death or Victory !”—

All with smoke was dim,

When brave Anglesea

Lost his limb.—

The hopes of the tyrant were crushed on the plain,

And the Goddess of Victory crowned us again !

T. Hill.

REST, WARRIOR, REST !

He comes from the wars, from the red field of fight,
He comes through the storm and the darkness of
night,

For rest and for refuge now fain to implore,

The warrior bends low at the cottager's door.

Pale, pale is his cheek, there's a gash on his brow,

His locks o'er his shoulders distractedly flow,

And the fire of his heart shoots by fits from his eye,

Like a languishing lamp that just flashes to die.

Rest, warrior, rest ;—rest, warrior, rest !

Sunk in silence and sleep on the cottager's bed,

Oblivion shall visit the war-weary head ;

Perchance he may dream—but the vision shall tell,

Of his lady-love's bower, and her latest farewell.

Illusion and love chase the battle's alarms,

He shall dream that his mistress lies locked in his
arms ;

He shall feel on his lips the sweet warmth of her
kiss :

Ah, warrior, wake not ! such slumber is bliss.

Rest, warrior, rest !—rest, warrior, rest !

CALL TO ARMS.

(Written during the Canadian Rebellion.)

Ann—March to Boston.

Come, come to arms ye spartans,
Gather round the drum's stern war-tones,
Clad in scarlet and in tartans,
Foes shall ne'er oppress us.
March, march to the field of glory,
What though our end be gory?
When our sons shall read the story
They shall rise and bless us.

Sons of the Dee, the Thames, and Shannon.
Come, O come where thund'ring cannon,
Hurls their bolts on th' sons of mammon,
Crushing all before it.
Come, come no longer trifle,
Honour's fame let nothing stifle,
Charge, charge with the deadly rifle,
Rebels shall deplore it.—

Yield to those who would enslave us?
Never while our arms can save us?
What! shall rebels ever dare us,
While their acts are treason!
Strike, strike, from dreams awake them;
Let their guilty terrors shake them—
Let, Oh! let our vengeance make them,
Turn again to reason.

Come, come to honour's bower,
In her path lies many a flower,
Crush the foe who fights for power
Only to oppress you.

Hear, hear, the ravens crying,
 O' the wounded and dying;
 Haste, haste, the foe is flying—
 Britons to the rescue!

T. Hill.

NEW-BRUNSWICK VOLUNTEERS.

(Composed shortly after the prospect of a border warfare, 1839.)

Air—Farmers Boy.

COME, come my brave New-Brunswick's sons,
 Who'd scorn your soil to yield;
 Sheath, sheath your swords and house your guns,
 For the foe has quit the field;
 The Chief of Maine, fearing defeat,
 Like a weathercock he veers,
 Nor dares his conscript troops shall meet
 New-Brunswick Volunteers.

When braggarts came, both foot and horse,
 And swore they would prevail,
 And hold our frontier line by force,
 And stop the Royal Mail,—
 Oh! when they thus had made their boast,
 Invading our frontiers,
 Who flew like lightning to their post?
 New-Brunswick Volunteers.

Then here's to Goldie's sons of fame,*
 Who came in the hour of need;
 And here's to the 36th who came
 In our behalf to bleed;

* Colonel Goldie and the 11th Regiment of Foot.

And here's to Brooks and his band so true,
 Who to our cause adheres,
 From India's Western Isles they flew
 To aid the Volunteers.

And here's to Nova Scotia's Chief,
 And her parliament so bold,
 Who proffered us their kind relief—
 Their yeomanry and gold !
 And here's to the ruler of this land,—
 We'll give for him three cheers ;
 Likewise for the chief who did command
 New-Brunswick Volunteers.†

Then pledge a bumper high and deep,
 Our coast again is cleared,—
 No widows left in woe to weep,
 And the foe has disappeared.
 Should they again invade our shore,
 Our foes shall find their biers,
 Or strew it o'er with th' clotted gore
 Of Brunswick Volunteers.

T. Hill.

ON THE DEATH OF NELSON.

WEEP Britain, weep for Trafalgar !
 And clothe thyself in sadness,
 No more thou'lt welcome home thy tar
 With fervid shouts of gladness
 —Weep, from Orkney isles to Helston,
 Never more thou'lt find a Nelson !—

† Major Brooks of the 69th Foot.

‡ Colonel Maxwell of the 36th Foot.

When the Buonapartean fleet,
Dared the British flag to meet!

Thus did he say—

As his line unbroken lay—

“Our pendant broad shall sweep

“O'er the Amethystine deep

“Wasted on by the orisons of beauty—

“To your quarters! clear the decks!

“For old England expects

“Every man to do his duty!”

Weep Britain, weep for Trafalgar!

Thy hero's fate is gory!

Exposed by wearing of his star

He fell amidst his glory!—

Opening on each hostile faction,

How his ship went into action!—

When the balls around him flew,

As his trusty sword he drew

Thus did he say, &c.

Weep Britain, weep for Trafalgar!

Thy Tar no more shall waken!

Thy loss exceeds thy foes' by far

Although their fleets are taken!

—Struck with adamantine thunder

Neptune stood aghast with wonder!

Even Sea-nymphs made a stand,

As he gave his last command,

And thus did say, &c.

Rejoice! rejoice! for Trafalgar!

Neptune resigned dominion!

The Sea-gods bowed to Nelson's star

And offered him the Kingdom!

Seeing all his foes defeated,

And his work on earth completed,

(For to serve his much-loved Isle)
 He accepted with a smile!
 And seemed to say,
 As his spirit passed away!
 Our pendant broad shall sweep
 O'er the Amethystine deep
 Wafted on by the orisons of beauty:
 Till each British tar inspired,
 And their hearts with glory fir'd,
 They shall bravely do their duty!-- T. Hill.

THE CANADIAN VOLUNTEERS.

HARK! that wild rushing sound! 'tis the spectre of
 war

Riding fearlessly by on her blood-sprinkled car,
 The wail of deep anguish is heard o'er the plain,
 For the widow and orphan are seen in her train.

"And must we be conquered? Shall England no
 more

Wield her powerful sceptre o'er Canada's shore?
 Shall our sons and our daughters as captives bend low
 'Neath the treacherous grasp of a cold-hearted foe?

"Is there none who will aid us?—none here who
 will save?

Must America's banners o'er British hearts wave?
 Shall our Island-home Queen, when she heareth
 the tale,

The fate of her children, as cowards, bewail?"

"No, never!" the deep voice of loyalty cried,
 "Till the sword of the foe first in life-blood be dyed?
 Till the heart, in its country's cause daring and bold,
 On the red battle field lieth throbless and cold,

"Rise, Canadians, rise ! loyal hearted and brave,
 Let your glory be heard o'er Atlantic's blue wave,
 Let Britannia rejoice, and to far distant years
 Bear the undying fame of her brave volunteers."

The loud call was heard and directly obey'd
 By the warm noble hearts ne'er in danger afraid ;
 The sword was unsheath'd, and a patriot band
 Stood ready to fight for their own native land.

What a soul-stirring time ! then the spirit of prayer
 Was breath'd out in ardour and fervency there,
 That the God who gives courage—The God of all
 power
 Might shelter those heroes in war's fearful hour.

Still onward they march'd, nor the wild northern
 blast
 That swept in such merciless tyranny past ;
 Nor winter enwrapp'd in her garment of snow,
 The bosom could rob of its patriot glow.

Toil and danger they slighted ; but grief warmly
 proved
 O'er the slaughter'd remains of the comrades they
 lov'd.
 The soul's best emotions no courage can steel,
 For the true noble hearts still in battle will feel

'Tis over ! tis over !—the contest is o'er ;
 Hark ! the Volunteers' praise rings on Canada's
 shore,
 Right bravely they fought, and for ever shall claim,
 A page in Britannia's bright annals of fame.
 McGill College. E. C.

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
 Then let the loons beware, Sir,
 There's wooden walls upon our seas,
 And volunteers on shore, Sir,
 The Nith shall run to Corsincon*,
 And Criffel † sink in Solway,
 Ere we permit a foreign foe
 On British ground to rally!
 Fall de rall, &c.

O let us not like snarling tykes
 In wrangling be divided;
 Till slap come in an unco loun
 And wi' a rung decide it.
 Be Britain still to Britain true,
 Amang oursels united;
 For never but by British hands
 Maun British wrangs be righted.
 Fall de rall, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,
 Perhaps a claut may fail in't;
 But deil a foreign tinkler loun
 Shall ever ca' a nail in't.
 Our father's bluid the kettle bought,
 And wha wad dare to spoil it;
 By Heaven the sacrilegious dog
 Shall fuel be to boil it.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,
 And the wretch his true-born brother,

* A high hill at the source of the Nith.

† A well-known mountain at the mouth of the
 Solway.

Who would set the *mob* aboon the *throne*,
 May they be d—n'd together !
 Who will not sing, " God save the Queen,"
 Shall hang as high's the steeple ;
 But while we sing " God save the Queen,"
 We'll ne'er forget the People. *Burns.*

SONG OF DEATH.

*SCENE—A field of battle. Time of the day—Evening.
 The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following Song.*

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye
 skies,
 Now gay with the bright setting sun ;
 Farewell, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties,
 Our race of existence is run !

Thou grim king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
 Go, frighten the coward and slave :
 Go, teach them to tremble, fell tyrant ! but know,
 No terrors hast thou to the brave !

Thou strik'st the dull peasant—he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name :
 Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark !
 He falls in the blaze of his fame !

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our
 hands,
 Our King and our Country to save—
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 O ! who would not rest with the brave !—*Burns.*

THE BLUENOSE BOYS.

AIR—British Grenadiers.

COME fill a bumper high, while each breast with
love shall boil

And pledge without reserve to the natives of the soil:
No firmer minds, no truer hearts, submits to Bri-
tain's law,

So the Bluenose boys we'll give a cheer, hurrah,
hurrah, hurrah!

When thirteen States the gauntlet threw down to
us of old,

Their Grandsires knew no fear, and could not be
bought with gold.

Though few and scattered midst their foes no pow-
er could them awe,

So the Bluenose boys we'll give a cheer, hurrah,
hurrah, hurrah!

They fought until the last, and obeyed their King's
command,

'Then left their foes their all, for a home in British
land!

'Twas then New-Brunswick's wilderness a band of
heroes saw,

So the Bluenose boys we'll give a cheer, hurrah,
hurrah, hurrah!

When th' Eagle rose again and the Lakes her war-
notes rung,

The brave hundred and fourth from their gallant
fathers sprung;

At Stony Creek they dock'd her beak, at Lunday's
Lane her claw!

So the Bluenose boys we'll cheer again, hurrah,
hurrah, hurrah!

Then surely not a son of this loyal warlike race,
 Will e'er desert his flag or a foe refuse to face ;
 But should the Eagle rise again their swords they'll
 quickly draw ;
 So the Bluenose Boys we'll cheer again, hurrah,
 hurrah, hurrah !

Long may they live in freedom, in unity, and peace,
 Their Trade and Agriculture still prosper and in-
 crease ;
 And may this Province ages hence be found with-
 out a flaw,
 So the Bluenose boys we'll cheer once more, hurrah,
 hurrah, hurrah ! *T. Hill.*

THE MURDER OF LIEUTENANT WIER.

AIR—The Wounded Hussar.

WHEN winter had sealed the majestic Saint Law-
 rence,
 And the rebel's white flag on the Richelieu
 arose,
 Ere the British vanguard had reached the insur-
 gents,*
 And shown them the vengeance due all Britain's
 foes ;
 A gallant young man to some peasants applied,
 'To guide him thro' th' woods, and they promised
 him fair,

* The author, writing from memory, is not posi-
 tive whether the murder of this lamented Officer
 took place before, or shortly after the battle of St.
 Charles.

But alas! they were traitors and fiends whom he
trusted—

That march was thy last one poor Lieutenant
Wier!

His road he had miss'd, his Regiment he was seek-
ing,

To fight 'neath the colours that conquered in
Spain,[†]

But by murd'rous hands his blood was soon reek-
ing,

His colours—his comrades he'll ne'er greet
again!

Though his guides were all armed, his generous
heart,

Too noble to harbour suspicious thoughts there,
Confided, and followed them into the forest,

Where they barb'rously slew him, poor Lieute-
nant Wier!

Unarmed, like a lamb he was led to the slaughter,

Not a comrade was near him to fight by his side;

He went up to th' mountains like Jephthah's lov'd
daughter,

Where, pierced by the knives of assassins he
died.—

Though men have been taken and tried for the
deed,

No proof could be giv'n, for no witness was there,
And the blood cries to heav'n from the ground it
empurpled,

For vengeance upon the foul murd'ers of Weir!

† The 32nd Regiment of Foot, to which Lieute-
nant Wier belonged, was distinguished in several
of the principal engagements of the Peninsular War.

The rebellion was crushed, and the leaders rewarded
 Soon sat in the Council at Bagot's right hand !
 And though arrogance hurled them from seats so
 unfitting,

They still in th' Assembly make laws for the
 land !

But if ever again they should dare to rebel,
 There's not a staunch Loyalist heart but will
 swear,

That vengeance delayed shall at length overtake
 them,

And thousands shall fall for the murder of Weir !

T. Hill.

THE MINSTREL-BOY.

THE Minstrel-Boy to the war is gone,
 In the ranks of death you'll find him ;
 His father's sword he has girded on,
 And his wild harp slung behind him.—

" Land of song !" said the warrior-bard,

" Tho' all the world betrays thee,

" One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,

" One faithful harp shall praise thee !"

The Minstrel fell !—but the foe'sman's chain
 Could not bring his proud soul under ;

The harp he lov'd ne'er spoke again,

For he tore its chords asunder ;

And said, " No chains shall sully thee,

" Thou soul of love and bravery !

" Thy songs were made for the pure and free

" They shall never sound in slavery !"

Noore.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

JULY the first in Oldbridge town,
There was a grievous battle,
Where many a man lay on the ground,
By the cannons that did rattle :
King James he pitch'd his tents between
The lines for to retire ;
But King William threw his bomb-balls in,
And set them all on fire.

Thereat enraged, they vowed revenge,
Upon King William's forces,
And oft did cry vehemently,
That they would stop their courses ;
A bullet from the Irish came,
Which graz'd King William's arm,
They thought his Majesty was slain,
Yet it did him little harm.

Then Duke Schomberg with friendly care,
His King would often caution,
To shun the spot where bullets hot,
Retain'd their rapid motion :
But William said, " he dont deserve
" The name of Faith's Defender,
" That would not venture life and limb,
" To make a foe surrender."

When we the Boyne began to cross,
The enemy they defended :
But few of our brave men were lost,
So stoutly we defended :
The horse was the first that marched o'er,
The foot soon followed after ;
But brave Duke Schomberg was no more,
By venturing over the Water.

When valiant Schomberg he was slain,
 King William he accosted
 His warlike men for to march on,
 And he would be the foremost :
 " Brave boys," he said, " be not dismay'd,
 " For the losing of one Commander,
 " For God will be our King this day
 " And I'll be general under."

Then stoutly wd the Boyne did cross,
 To give our enemies battle :
 Our cannons to our foes great cost,
 Like thund'ring claps did rattle :
 In majestic mien our Prince rode o'er,
 His men soon followed after,
 With blows and shouts put foes to the route,
 The day we cross'd the Water.

The Protestants of Drogheda,
 Have reason to be thankful,
 That they were not to bondage brought,
 They being but a handful ;
 First to the Tholsel they were brought,
 And tried at the Millmount after :
 But brave King William set them free,
 By venturing over the Water.

The cunning French near to Duleek,
 Had taken up their quarters :
 And fenced themselves on every side,
 A waiting for new orders :
 But in the dead time of the night,
 They set the field on fire ;
 And long before the morning light,
 To Dublin they did retire.

Then said King William to his men,
 After the French departed.

"I'm glad" said he, "that none of ye
"Seemed to be faint hearted :
"So sheathe your swords and rest awhile,
"In time we'll follow after;"
Those words he uttered with a smile,
The day he cross'd the Water.

Come let us all with heart and voice,
Al, laud our lives defender,
Who at the Boyne his valour shew'd,
And made his foes surrender.
To God above the praise we'll give,
Both now and for ever after ;
And bless the glorious Memory, [Water.
Of King William that cross'd the Boyne

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, nor a fun'ral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried,
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our Hero was buried.
We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The turf with our bay'nets turning,
By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
And our lanthorns dimly burning.

Few and short were the pray'rs we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face of the dead !
And we bitterly thought of the morrow !
No useless coffin confin'd his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we laid him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him !

We thought as we heap'd his narrow bed,
 And smooth'd down his lonely pillow, [head,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
 And we far away on the billow.
 Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone !
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
 And nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
 In the grave where a Briton had laid him.

But half our heavy task was done,
 When the bell toll'd the hour for retiring,
 And we heard the distant random gun !
 Of the enemy sullenly firing !
 Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory,
 We carv'd not a line, we rais'd not a stone,
 But we left him alone with his glory !

SONG OF THE REGIMENTAL BANDS.

Ye lads who tune the merry horn,
 Or ring the Mellow Bugle's peal ;
 Ye by whose breath each sound is borne
 That animates the quivering gale ;
 Your Clarionets and Fifes lay down,
 And put your thundering Trombones by,
 And cheerly take your seats around
 And join in social harmony :
Chorus—But shall a foe oppose our march,
 Whilst glittering tubes should rattle,
 We'll play to raise the soldiers hearts
 And cheer them in the battle !

In time of war a thrilling sound
 Shall burst from ev'ry British Band ;

Whilst lightly o'er the plains shall bound
 The armed glory of our land :
 —Now from the line shall they deploy,
 'To meet the horsemen's charge prepare ;
 In vain shall they their skill employ,
 They ne'er can break our solid square !
 But should &c.

When we advance, our trumpet's blast
 Shall cheer the weary soldier's hearts,
 And as we play or slow or fast,
 Our tune shall guide the steady march :
 We'll play "the Scotch o'er the border came,"
 Or how "Britannia rules the wave ;"
 And spur them on to deeds of fame—
 The laurel wreath or hero's grave !
 But should &c.

In time of peace we'll live at ease
 And pledge the soul-inspiring glass ;
 The jest and song all hands shall please,
 And each shall toast his fav'rite lass ;
 When the sergeant his recruits shall teach
 We'll cheerly play on the drill-parade :
 Or ramble through the busy street
 With the lofty plume and gay cockade !
 But should &c. T. Hill.

THE BATTLE OF SALAMANCA.

TUNE—The Bay of Biscay O !

Loud roar'd the British thunder,
 Near Salamanca's towers ;

French ranks were cut asunder,
 B. Peñain's daring pow'rs ;
 The Fields were bath'd in blood,
 For Spain and England's good :
 On that day thousands lay,
 On the field of Battle, O !

As day was near retiring,
 The conflict fierce began ;
 Tremendour was the firing,
 Which thro' the battle ran ;
 The Bayonets decide—
 (The British Soldier's pride !)
 Th' awful sight—in the night,
 On the field of Battle, O !

And ere returning morrow,
 Had beam'd on distant hills,
 The foe impress'd with horror,
 Resign'd the bloody fields ;
 To Vict'ry's glorious son,
 Immortal Wellington ;
 Who remain'd—and obtain'd
 The honor of the Battle O !

Where Douro's waves meander,
 They urg'd their wayward course,
 In speed to Penaranda,
 Pursued by British force,
 From plains with carnage spread,
 In glorious marmont fled,
 Wounded sore—in the roar,
 On the field of Battle, O !

Long shall this deed of glory,
 Re-echo to the skies,

And Wellington in story,
Shall live till nature dies.
For Valour he shall stand,
The Nelson of the land;
And be blest—and caress'd,
For Salamanca's Battle, O!

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

Come listen to my story,
An old one and a true,
A tale of England's glory,
A song of Waterloo.
That story shall compel you,
To lend me all your ears,
And listen while I tell you
Of the British Grenadiers.

All Grenadiers take pride, sir,
The bear skin cap to wear;
But Boney sold the hide, sir,
Before he killed the bear.
For thinking of the tassels
He won in former years,
He ordered beds at Brussels
For all his Grenadiers.

'Twas in the worst of weather,
One Sunday morn he drew,
Horse, foot, and guns together,
In front of Waterloo;
And while the rain was pouring
He called his marshals round,
And with his glass exploring,
He scanned the rising ground.

He saw that ridge surmounted
With scanty lines of red,
And in his heart he counted
That England's might was fled ;
Nor knowing Arthur's dealing
Had substance more than show,
Cried " Soult, those troops are stealing
Away without a blow !"

Soult answered, " If you please, sir,
Though small their force appears,
I rather think I see, sir,
The British Grenadiers ;
And if they are but now, sir,
The men I knew in Spain,
You'll find that rising brow, sir,
An awkward place to gain."

Each flatterer shrugged his shoulders,
Napoleon answered, " Pooh !"
Two hours they made him older,
And made him wiser too ;
For his troops advancing right on,
To ease him of his fears,
Had little pains to light on
The British Grenadiers.

To drive them from that hill, sir,
They tried the livelong day,
But where there is a will, sir,
Not always lies a way.
All parts collected round from
Guns, foot, and Cuirassiers,
Could gain no inch of ground from
The British Grenadiers.

When fast the hours were wearing
Towards the close of day,

Napoleon, not despairing,
Called out to Marshal Ney,
"Come take of all my guard now
The bravest, best and last,
And it shall sure go hard now,
But we will win the cast.

And all to make your men go
More fiercely on the foe,
Speak to them of Marengo,
Of Lodi, and Eylaw."
Then on they all came pouring
In columns down the hill,
"Long live the Emperor!" roaring,
But ours were mute and still.

And on the ground they sat them
Till a voice the silence broke,
Saying, "*Up now guards and at them!*"
'Twas Arthur's self that spoke.
At Brussels they were heard, sir,
The three tremendous cheers
Which started at that word, sir,
From the British Grenadiers.

They poured three rounds of shot, sir,
With muskets levelled low,
And then wound up the plot, sir,
With bayonets of a row.
The French cry as they ran, sir,
In one another's ears,
'Twas save himself who can, sir,
From the British Grenadiers.

'Twas proved without bravado,
By this immortal fight,

To wear the hand grenado
Who have a better right,
You may search the wide world's story
And never find his peer,
Who led that day to glory
The British Grenadier.

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

I.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And a Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

II.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime :
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

III.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;

And her van the fleetest rush'd
 O'er the deadly space between;
 'Hearts of oak!' our captain cried; when each gun
 From its adamant lips
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
 And the havoc did not slack,
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane
 To our cheering sent us back;—
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
 Then ceased—and all is wail,
 As they strike the shatter'd sail;
 Or, in conflagration pale,
 Light the gleom.—

Out spoke the victor then,
 As he hail'd them o'er the wave;
 'Ye are brothers! ye are men!
 And we conquer but to save:—
 So peace instead of death let us bring;
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
 With the crews at England's feet,
 And make submission meet
 'To our King.'—

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
 That he gave her wounds repose;
 And the sounds of joy and grief
 From her people wildly rose,
 As death withdrew his shades from the day.

While the sun look'd smiling bright
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,
 Where the fires of funeral light
 Died away.

VII.

Now joy Old England, raise!
 For the tidings of thy might,
 By the festal cities' blaze,
 Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
 Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore!

VIII.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died;—
 With the gallant good Riou;*
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave!
 While the billows mournful rolls,
 And the mermaid's song condole,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave!

 THE BATTLE OF TOULOUSE.

COME all you British soldiers and listen to my son,
 Its of a glorious victory, by the British Army won,

* Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and th
 good, by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his des
 patches.

Commanded by Lord Wellington,—oh! when we entered France,
How glorious was his plans, my boys, whene'er we did advance.

Chorus,—So with Wellington we'll go, brave boys,
So with Wellington we'll go;
For Wellington is a valiant man,
And makes a gallant show.

On April the tenth day, eighteen hundred and fourteen,
It being Easter Sunday, I shall ne'er forget the scene,
Our troops they were assembled the enemy to oppose,
And to beat the French our minds were bent, at the battle of Toulouse.

So with Wellington, &c.

The brave old 27th my boys, the 11th by their side,
And th' 61st formed the left brigade, and brave men in their pride,
We marched through all their shells and shot, the enemy in sight,
We got the word "fix bayonets," and turned them to the right.

So with Wellington, &c.

Soon as the hill we carried, and turned about to see,
Who should we spy advancing but their furious cavalry,
But the old brigade of Highlanders soon formed into a square,
And kept them all at bay till our Dragoons were there.
So with Wellington, &c.

Bold Britons then pursued them, like lions, down the field,
We let them know that British boys were never taught to yield ;

So here's a health to Clinton, and Wellington likewise.
And every soldier, rank and file, who help'd to win the
prize.

So with Wellington, &c.

So now the wars are over and God has spared our lives,
With stores of riches we'll return, to our sweethearts
and our wives,

And if again we're called upon our enemies to oppose,
We'll give them such a drubbing as we gave them at
Toulouse.

So with Wellington, &c.

ON THE MURDER OF COLONEL MOODIE.

AIR—Enniskillen Dragoons.

WHEN thus bold Sir Francis replied to Sir John,*
"To defend Upper Canada of troops I want none;"
And when they left the Province to rush on the foe,
The rebels their victims resolved to lay low,

"Let's march for Toronto!" McKenzie exclaimed,
And harrangued them until their foul hearts were en-
flamed;

Then through the rebel multitude was "vengeance"
the cry,—

"We'll all renounce Britain—and the *loyal* must die!"

* Sir Francis Bond Head's reply to Sir John Colborne, when asked how many troops he could spare from the Upper Province to assist in quelling the rebellion in Lower Canada, was "ALL!"—He relied upon the Loyalists of Upper Canada, and—he was not deceived.—[ED.]

'Twas then a bold soldier, who oft had been tried,
 Forsook the dear comforts of his own fireside,—
 His purpose was noble—to the Gov'nor he'd repair,
 To convey him the news, and his danger to share.

Eat Rebellion and Murder both lay in his path,
 And his life of gallant servitude ensured but their wrath;
 His heroism no pity to their vile breasts could call,
 And brave MOODIE was doom'd the first victim to fall.

Oh! weep all you Veterans, who fought by his side,
 When you met the Yankee Eagle and pluck'd him of
 his pride,
 For ne'er can loyal bosoms sufficiently deplore
 That degenerate Britons drenched their hands in his
 gore. T. Hill.

JOE THE MARINE.

POOR Joe the marine was at Portsmouth well known,
 No lad in the corps dress'd so smart,
 The lasses ne'er look'd on the youth with a frown,
 His manliness won ev'ry heart.
 Sweet Polly, of Portsea, he took for his bride,
 And surely there never was seen
 A couple so gay march to church side by side,
 As Polly and Joe the marine.

The bright torch of Hymen was scarcely in blaze,
 When thundering drums they heard rattle;
 And Joe, in an instant, was forced to the seas,
 To give the bold enemy battle.
 The action was dreadful,—each ship a mere wreck,—
 Such slaughter few sailors have seen;
 Two hundred brave fellows lay strew'd on the deck,
 And among them poor Joe the marine.

But victory, faithful to true British tars,
 At length put an end to the fight,
 And homeward they steer'd, full of glory and scars,
 And soon had famed Portsmouth in sight.
 The ramparts were crowded, the heroes to greet,
 And foremost sweet Polly was seen:
 But the very first boat her keen eye chanc'd to meet
 Bore the corpse of poor Joe the marine.

The shock was severe; swift as lightning's fork'd dart,
 Her poor brain with wild frenzy fired;
 She flew o'er the beach; softly cried, 'My poor heart!'
 Clasp'd her hands, kiss'd his lips, and expired.
 Their bodies were lain 'neath a wide-spreading yew,
 And on a smooth stone may be seen!
 "One tear-drop let fall, all ye lovers so true,
 For Polly and Joe the marine!"

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

RECITATIVE.

O'ER Nelson's tomb with silent grief oppress'd,
 Britannia mourn'd her hero now at rest;
 But those bright laurels ne'er shall fade with years,
 Whose leaves are watered with a nation's tears.

AIR.

'Twas in Trafalgar's bay,
 We saw the Frenchmen lay,
 Each heart was bounding then;
 We scorn'd the foreign yoke,
 Our ships were British oak,
 Hearts of oak are our men:
 Our Nelson marked them on the wave,
 Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
 Nor thought of home or beauty.

Along the line the signal ran,
 "England expects that every man
 'This day will do his duty.'"

And now the cannons roar
 Along the affrighted shore,
 Our Nelson led the way ;
 His ship the Vict'ry named,
 Long be that Vict'ry famed,
 For Vict'ry crowned the day !
 But dearly was that conquest bought,
 Too well the gallant hero fought,
 For England, home, and beauty ;
 He cried as 'midst the fire he ran,
 "England expects that every man
 'This day will do his duty.'"

At last the fatal wound,
 Which spread dismay around,
 The hero's breast received ;
 "Heaven fights on our side,
 The day's our own he cried!
 Now long enough I've lived ;
 In honour's cause my life is past,
 In honour's cause I fall at last,
 For England, home, and beauty :"
 Thus ending life as he began,
 England confessed that every man
 That day had done his duty.

THE HERO OF A HUNDRED FIGHTS.

FILL high the cup to him whose sword
 For years maintained his country's rights,
 The champion of Old England's fame,
 The hero of a hundred fights.

How oft along the swelling waves,
 When many a well-fought field was won,
 Hath triumph borne the self-same song
 Of Victory and Wellington.

From east to west, from north to south,
 Loud pæans in his praise have rung,
 And while there beats an English heart,
 His glorious deeds will still be sung.
 The swarthy sons of Ind beheld
 The tide of victory rushing on,
 And fame well pleased new laurels wreathed
 To bind the brows of Wellington.

When conquest bore Iberia down,
 He raised again the martial strain,
 And bursting on the foemen, gave
 New life and liberty to Spain.
 But brighter trophies still will spread
 To every age his vast renown,
 For deathless is the field and fame
 Of Waterloo and Wellington.

MARCH TO THE BATTLE FIELD.

MARCH to the battle field,
 The foe is now before us ;
 Each heart is freedom's shield,
 And Heav'n is smiling o'er us.
 The woes and pains,
 The galling chains,
 That keep our spirits under,
 In proud disdain,
 We've broke again,
 And tore each link asunder
 March to the, &c.

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Who, for her country brave,
 Would fly from her invader?
 Who, his base life to save,
 Would, traitor-like, degrade her
 Our hallow'd cause,
 Our home and laws,
 'Gainst tyrant power sustaining,
 We'll gain a crown
 Of bright renown,
 Or die—our rights maintaining!
 March to me, &c.

A SOLDIER'S SONG.

WHILE the Rose of old England shall bloom on its stem,
 Or Scotland's rude Thistle shall grow,
 The Shamrock shall flourish united with them,
 Despite of the traitor and foe.
 They have conquered together and shall they be riven,
 Or our banner be shorn of its fame?
 No! no, while yon bright sun shall light us, by heaven,
 Our sword shall defend it from shame.
 Soldiers, you of Erins Isle,
 Be wary of the traitor's wile
 Bare each strong arm nor traitor spare,
 Who shouts—Repeal—the traitor's there.

Shall traitors the proud rose and rude thistle spurn,
 Make the shamrock the badge of Repeal,
 No not till the Briton from foemen shall turn,
 Or to tyrants a suppliant kneel.
 The foe in the battle for mercy may crave,
 And mercy will freely be given;
 But the blood of the traitor shall redden each glaive,
 As it gleams with the vengeance of heaven.
 Soldiers, you of, &c.

THE BATTLE AND THE BREEZE.

To Britain's glorious walls of oak,
 Fill high the patriot glass;
 To all who spurn oppression's yoke,
 Round let the goblet pass;
 And lo! when Freedom's flag appears,
 Queen of the subject seas;
 The flag that braved ten thousand years
 The battle and the breeze.

O'er many a scene of purple war,
 From India's cocoa bowers,
 Has victory's banner beam'd afar,
 From Saragossa's towers.
 For least when her proud flag she rears
 High o'er the subject seas;
 The flag that brav'd a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze.

 HERE'S A HEALTH, BONNIE SCOTLAND TO
 THEE.

HERE'S a health to fair Scotland, the land of the brave,
 Here's a health to the bold and the free,
 And as long as the thistle and heather shall wave,
 Here's a health, bonnie Scotland, to thee.
 Here's a health to the land of victorious Bruce,
 And the champions of liberty's cause,
 And may their example fresh heroes produce,
 In defence of our rights and our laws!
 Here's a health, &c.

Here's a health to the land where bold Wallace unfurl'd
 His bright banners of conquest and fame,

The terror of foemen, the pride of the world,
 Long may Scotland hold dearly his name!
 And still like our fathers our brothers are true,
 And their valour with pleasure we see,
 Of the wreaths that were won at renowned Waterloo,
 There's a bough of the laurel for you,
 Here's a health

Here's success to the shamrock, the rose,
 May they ever in harmony twine
 And should wily discord again interpose,
 Let us challenge each other in wine.
 For while we're united foes threaten in vain,
 And their daring our fame shall increase,
 Till the banner of Victory o'er land and main
 Triumphant is waving in peace.
 Here's a health, &c.

BRITISH TARS.

BRITISH tars are hearts of oak,
 Singing ever merrily;
 Ev'n in fight they laugh and joke,
 Meeting danger cheerily
 Yo, yo, yea;
 Fire away,
 Hearts of oak, right merrily.

And, tho' death around him flies,
 Still the dauntless sailor cries,
 Sponge the guns, boys, merrily,
 Ram the balls home cheerily,
 Yo, yo, yea;
 Fire away,
 Hearts of oak, right merrily.



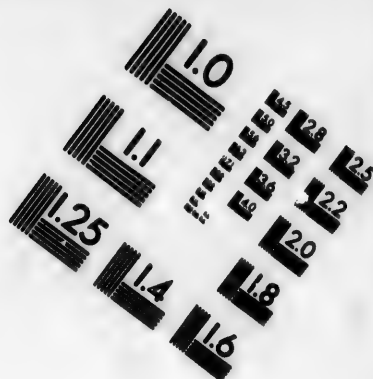
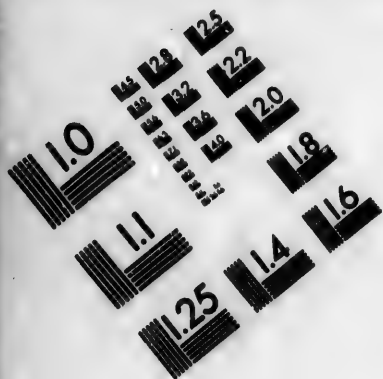
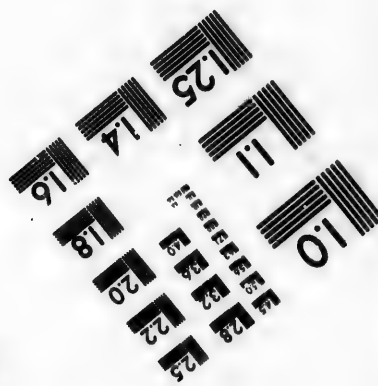
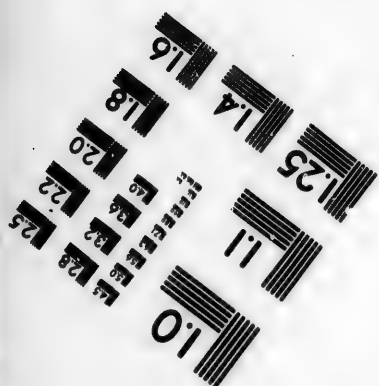
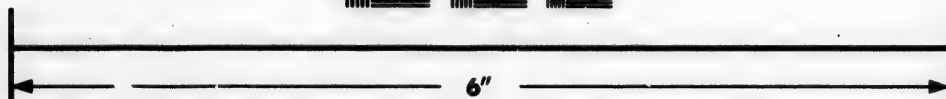
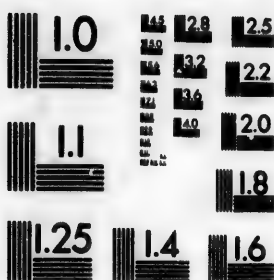


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Wrapt in clouds of thickest smoke,
 Hear him singing merrily;
 Fearless still, he'll have his joke,
 Braving peril cheerily;
 E'en amidst the hottest fight,
 Hear him singing with delight,
 Spunge the guns, boys, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

ADIEU, adieu, my only life,
 My honor calls me from thee,
 Remember thou'rt a soldier's wife,
 Those tears but ill become thee;
 What though by duty I am call'd
 Where thund'ring cannons rattle,
 Where valor's self might stand appalled;
 When on the wings of thy dear love,
 To heav'n above
 Thy fervent orisons are flown,
 The tender pray'r thou puttest up there,
 Shall call a guardian angel down,
 Shall call a guardian angel down,
 To watch me in the battle,

My safety thy fair truth shall be,
 As sword and buckler serving,
 My life shall be more dear to me,
 Because of thy preserving:
 Let peril come, let horror threat,
 Let thundering cannons rattle,
 I fearless seek the conflict's heat;
 Assured when on the wings of love,
 To heaven above, &c.

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Enough, with that benignant smile
 Some kindred god inspired thee,
 Who saw thy bosom void of guile,
 Who wonder'd, and admired thee:
 I go assured, my life, adieu,
 Though thundering cannons rattle,
 Though murdering carnage stalk in view;
 When on the wings of thy true love,
 To heav'n above, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

UPON the hill he turned to take a last fond look
 Of the valley and the village church, and the cottage
 by the brook:
 He listened to the sounds so familiar to his ear,
 And the soldier leant upon his sword, and wiped away
 a tear.

Beside the cottage porch a girl was on her knees,
 She held aloft a snowy scarf, which fluttered in the
 breeze;
 She breath'd a prayer for him—a prayer he could not
 hear,
 But he paused to bless her as she knelt, and wiped
 away a tear.

He turned, and left the spot: oh! do not deem him
 weak,
 For dauntless was the soldier's heart, though tears
 were on his cheek;
 Go, watch the foremost rank in danger's dark career,
 Be sure the hand most daring there has wiped away a
 tear.

THE OAK OF OUR FATHERS.

THE oak of our fathers to freedom was dear,
Its leaves were his crown and its wood was his spear;
And its head tower'd high and its branches spread
round,

For its roots were stuck deep and its heart it was
sound;

The bees o'er its honey-dew'd foliage play'd,
And the beasts of the forest fed under its shade;
Alas! for the oak of our fathers, that stood,
In its beauty the glory and pride of the wood.

Round its bark crept the ivy and clung to its trunk,
It stuck in its mouths and its juices it drunk;
Its branches grew sickly, deprived of their food,
Its towering head droop'd, by its poison subdued;
No longer the bees o'er its honey dews play'd,
Nor the beasts of the forest fed under its shade;
Alas! for the oak of our fathers, that stood,
In its beauty the glory and pride of the wood.

The oak has receiv'd its incurable wound
Guile has loosen'd the roots tho' the heart may be sound,
What the trav'lers at distance green flourishing see,
Are the leaves of the ivy that ruin'd the tree;
Disfigur'd the trunk, in its ruin is seen,
A monument now what its beauty has been;
Alas! for the oak of our fathers, that stood,
In its beauty the glory and pride of the wood.

ADIEU! ADIEU! MY NATIVE SHORE!

ADIEU! adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;

The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar;
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
 Yon sun that sets upon the sea,
 We follow in his flight;
 Farewell, awhile, to him and thee
 My native land—good night!

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
 Athwart the foaming brine;
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to—
 So not again to mine.
 Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves,
 And when ye fail my sight,
 Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves—
 My native land—good night! *Byron.*

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
 And gentle peace returning,
 Where mony a sweet babe fatherless,
 And mony a widow mourning.
 I left the lines and tented field,
 Where lang I'd been a lodger,
 My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
 A pair but honest soldier.

A leal, light heart was in my breast.
 My hand unstain'd by plunder;
 And for fair Scotia, hame again,
 I cheery on did wander.
 I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
 I thought upon my Nancy,
 I thought upon the witching smile,
 That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reached the bonny glen,
 Where early life I sported;
 I passed the mill and trysting thorn,
 Where Nancy aft I courted:
 Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
 Down by her mither's dwelling!
 And turned me round to hide the flood
 That in my een was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I sweet lass,
 Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom;
 O happy, happy, may he be,
 That's dearest to thy bosom:
 My purse is light, I've far to gang,
 And fain would be thy lodger;
 I've served my king and country lang,
 Tak pity on a soldier!

Sae wistfully she gaz'd on me,
 And lovelier was then ever;
 Quo' she, a soldier ance I lo'ed,
 Forget him shall I never;
 Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
 Ye freely shall partake it!
 The gallant badge the dear cockade
 Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gazed—she reddened like a rose—
 Syne pale as ony lily,
 She sank within my arms, and cried,
 Art thou my ain dear Willie?
 By Him who made yon sun and sky,
 By whom true love's regarded,
 I am the man—and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded!

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted;
 Tho' poor in gear, we're rich in love,
 And mair—we'se ne'er be parted!
 Quo' she, my grandsire left me gowd,—
 A mailin plenish'd rarely;
 So come, my faithful soldier lad,
 Thou'rt welcome to it dearly!

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor;
 But glory is the soldier's prize,
 The soldier's wealth is honbr.
 The brave poor soldier ne'er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger;
 Remember, he's his country's stay
 In day and hour of danger.

TOM HALLIARD.

Now the rage of battle ended,
 And the foe for mercy call
 Death no more in smoke and thunder
 Rode upon the vengeful ball;
 Yet, what brave and loyal heroes
 Saw the sun of morning bright
 Ah! condemn'd by cruel fortune,
 Ne'er to see the star of night.

From the main-deck to the quarter,
 Strew'd with limbs, and wet with blood,
 Poor Tom Halliard, pale and wounded,
 Crawl'd where his brave captain stood,
 "O my noble captain, tell me,
 Ere I'm borne a corpse away,

Have I done a seaman's duty,
On this great, this glorious day?

"Tell a dying sailor truly,
For my life is fleeting fast,
Have I done a sailor's duty,
Can they aught my mem'ry blast?"
"Ah! brave Tom," replied the captain,
"Thou a sailor's part hast done,
I revere thy wounds with sorrow—
Wounds by which our glory's won."

"Thanks, my captain, life is ebbing
Fast from this deep wounded heart,
Yet, O! grant one little favor
Ere I from this world depart:
Bid some kind and trusty sailor,
When I'm number'd with the dead,
For my true and constant Cath'rine,
Cut a lock from this poor head.

"Bid him to my Cath'rine bear it,
Saying, her's alone I die:
Kate will keep the mournful present,
And enbalm it with a sigh.
Bid him, too, this letter bear her,
Which I've penn'd with parting breath,
Kate will ponder on the writing,
When the hand is cold in death."

"That I will," replied the captain,
"And be ever Cath'rine's friend;"
"Thanks, my good, my great commander,
Now my pains, my sorrows end."
Mute towards the captain weeping,
Tom upraised a thankful eye;

Grateful then his feet embracing,
Sunk with "Kate" on his last sigh.

Who, that saw a scene so mournful,
Could without a tear depart?
He must own a savage nature,
Pity never warm'd his heart.
Now in his white hammock shrouded,
By the kind and pensive crew;
As they dropp'd him in the ocean,
All sigh'd out, "Poor Tom, adieu!"

TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him too;
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah! many's the time, and oft!
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When he who all commands,

Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands.
 Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd,
 For though his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.—*Dibdin.*

THE POST-CAPTAIN.

WHEN Steerwell heard me first impart
 Our brave commander's story,
 With ardent zeal, his youthful heart
 Swell'd high for naval glory;
 Resolved to gain a valiant name,
 For bold adventure eager,
 When first a cabin-boy on board the Fame,
 He would hold on the jigger,
 While ten jolly tars, with musical Joe,
 Hove the anchor a-peak, singing, yeo, heave yeo.

To hand top-gan't sails next he learn'd,
 With quickness, care and spirit,
 Whose generous master soon discern'd,
 And priz'd his dawning merit:
 He taught him soon to reef and steer,
 When storms convuls'd the ocean,
 Where shoals made skilful vet'rans fear,
 Which mark'd him for promotion.
 For none to the pilot e'er answer'd like he, [a-lee."
 When he gave the command, "Hard a-port, helm

For valor, skill and worth renown'd,
 The foe he oft defeated,
 And now with fame and fortune crown'd,
 Post-captain he is rated:

Who, should our injar'd country bleed,
 Still boldly he'd defend her—
 When blest with peace, if beauty plead,
 He'll prove his heart is tender.
 Unaw'd yet mild, to high and low,
 To poor and wealthy, friend or foe—
 Wounded tars share his wealth,
 All the fleet drink his health—
 Priz'd be such hearts, for aloft they must go,
 Who always are ready compassion to show
 To a brave conquer'd foe.—*Diddin.*

HEAVING THE LEAD.

For England when, with fav'ring gale
 Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,
 And scudding under easy sail,
 The high blue western land appear'd;
 To heave the lead the seaman sprung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 By the deep—Nine!

And bearing up to gain the port;
 Some well-known object kept in view—
 An abbey tow'r, a harbour fort,
 Or beacon, to the vessel true;
 While oft the lead the seaman flung,
 And to the pilot cheerly sung,
 By the mark—Seven!

And as the much loved shore we near,
 With transport we beheld the roof
 Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,
 Of faith and love a matchless proof.

o.

lee."
helm

The lead once more the seaman flung,
And to the watchful pilot sung,
Quarter less—Five!

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh;
With slackened sails she feels the tide;
“Stand clear the cable!” is the cry—
The anchor’s gone we safely ride;
The watch is set, and through the night
We hear the seaman, with delight,
Proclaim—All’s well!

THE MARINER’S SONG.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There’s tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud:

And hark the music, mariners,
 'The wind is piping loud;
 The wind is piping loud, my boys,
 'The lightning flashes free—
 While the hollow oak our palace is,
 Our heritage the sea.

ALL'S WELL.—DUET.

DESERTED by the waning moon,
 When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
 On tower, or fort, or tented ground
 The sentry walks his nightly round,
 And, should a footstep haply stray
 Where caution marks the guarded way,
 'Who goes there? Stranger, quickly tell!
 'A Friend!' 'The word!' 'Good night!' 'All's well!'

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
 While weary mess-mates soundly sleep,
 The careful watch patrols the deck,
 To guard the ship from foes or wreck:
 And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
 Some well-known voice salutes his ear:
 'What cheer, ho!—brother, quickly tell!
 Above—below.'—'Good night!' 'All's well!'

THE PILOT.

WHILE lightnings pierce the pitchy sky,
 And o'er the ocean's bosom fly,
 While roaring waves each other whelm,
 The hardy pilot takes the helm.

He puts to sea, resolved to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

The signal of distress he hears,
And to the foundering vessel steers,
He loudly hails the exhausted crew,
Who, cheered by him, their toils renew,
And bless the pilot come to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

They work the pump with double force,
He calmly points the helmsman's course,
His steady orders all obey—
And now the vessel on her way,
Pursues, the pilot bent to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

With anxious care her course they keep,
She struggles through the angry deep;
In smoother water soon she sails,
The crew huzza, then warmly hails
The hardy pilot, bent to save,
Or perish in the briny wave.

THE PILOT.

Oh, Pilot! 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep,
I'll come and pace the deck with thee,
I do not dare to sleep.
Go down, the Sailor cried, go down,
This is no place for thee;
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

Ah! Pilot dangers often met,
We all are apt to slight,
And thou hast known these raging waves
But to subdue their might:
It is not apathy he cried
That gives this strength to me;
Fear not! but trust in Providence,
Whatever thou may'st be.

On such a night, the sea engulph'd
My father's lifeless form;
My only brother's boat went down
In just so wild a storm;
And such, perhaps, may be thy fate,
But still I say to thee,
Fear not but trust in Providence,
Wherever thou may'st be.

AS SLOW OUR SHIP.

As slow our ship her foamy track,
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still looked back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts where'er we rove,
To those we've left behind us.

When round the bowl of vanished years
We talk, with joyous seeming,
With smiles, that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming;
While mem'ry brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us;

Oh! sweet's the cup that circles then,
To those we've left behind us.

And when in other climes we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting;
We think how great had been our bliss,
If heaven had but assigned us
To live and die, in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us.

As trav'lers oft look back at eve,
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing:
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consigned us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

THE SEA! THE SEA!

THE sea! the sea! the open, open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free:
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come, and awake the deep,
What matter? what matter? I shall ride and sleep.

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I love, oh! how I love to glide
On the fierce, the foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blast doth blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
The whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold,
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child.

I have lived since then in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a rover's life,
With wealth to spend, and power to range,
But never have sighed or sought for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea.

ISLE OF BEAUTY, FARE THEE WELL,

SHADES of evening, close not o'er us,
Leave our lonely bark awhile;
Morn, alas! will not restore us
Yonder dim and distant isle,

Still my fancy can discover
 Sunny spots, where friends may dwell;
 Darker shadows round us hover—
 Isle of beauty, fare thee well!

'Tis the hour when happy faces
 Smile around the taper's light,
 Who will fill our vacant places?
 Who will sing our songs to-night?
 Through the mist that floats around us,
 Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
 Like a voice of those who love us,
 Breathing fondly, "fare thee well!"

When the waves are round me breaking,
 As I pace the deck along,
 And my eyes in vain are seeking
 Some green leaf to rest upon;
 What would I not give to wander
 Where my old companions dwell!
 Absence makes the heart grow fonder—
 Isle of beauty, fare thee well!

ENGLAND! DEAR ENGLAND!

I HAVE sailed from my home, o'er the far-rolling
 main,
 To the valleys of France, to the mountains of Spain,
 To the clime of fair Italy clad in the vest
 That young Beauty throws o'er the bowers of her rest.
 I have traversed the lovely Arabian vales,
 Inhaled the soft breath of their sweet-scented gales,
 I have seen the fair islands of Greece as they lay,
 Like gems that were cast by man's folly away,

ell;
 But I turned, as the magnet still turns to the pole,
 To dear happy England the land of my soul!

I have roamed through the wide-spreading forests that
 wave

O'er the land of the west, o'er the freeman and slave,
 By the deep-swelling lakes and wide rivers that flow,
 In the pride of their grandeur, unequalled below.
 Oh, England! dear England the land of the brave,
 Thou jewel set round with the pearls of the wave,
 Thy sons and thy daughters have been, and will be,
 The noblest, the fairest, the greatest, the free!
 Ever true, as the magnet still turns to the pole,
 I turn to dear England, the land of my soul!

THE GOOD OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

I'LL sing you a good old song, that was made by a
 good old pate,
 Of a fine old English gentleman who had an old estate,
 And who kept up his old mansion at a bountiful old rate,
 With a good old porter to relieve the old poor at his gate,
 Like a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden
 time.

His hall so old was hung about with pikes, guns, and
 bows,
 And swords, and good old bucklers, which had stood
 some tough old blows;
 'Twas there 'His Worship' sat in state, in doublet
 and trunk hose,
 And quaffed his cup of good old sack to comfort his
 old nose,
 Like a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden
 time.

His custom was, when Christmas came, to bid his
 friends repair,
 To his old hall, where feast and ball for them he did
 prepare!
 And, though the rich he entertained, he ne'er forgot
 the poor,
 Nor was the houseless wanderer e'er driven from the
 door
 Of this good old English gentleman, one of the olden
 time.

Yet all at length, must bend to Fate! so, like the
 ebbing tide,
 Declining gently to the last, this fine old man he died;
 'The widows' and the orphans' tears bedewed his cold
 grave's side,
 And where's the scutcheon that can show so much the
 worth and pride
 Of a fine old English gentleman, one of the olden
 time.

But times and seasons though they change, and cus-
 toms pass away,
 Yet English hands and English hearts will prove old
 England's sway;
 And, though our coffers mayn't be filled as they were
 wont of yore,
 We still have hands to fight, if need, and hearts to
 help the poor,
 Like the good old English gentlemen, all of the
 olden time.

HOME SWEET HOME.

'MIDST pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble there's no place like home;

A charin from the skies seems to hallow us there
Which seek through the wide world's ne'er met with
elsewhere.

Chorus—Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home,
There's no place like Home!—there's
no place like Home!

The poor sailor boys as on billows they roam,
Oft sigh for the cottage they left far at home,—
The sweet village bells which ringeth so gay,
And the lasses they court are far, far away.
Home, Home, &c.

In exile from home splendour dazzles in vain,
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
With the birds singing gaily that come at my call,—
Give me them with peace of mind, which is dearer
than all.
Home, Home, &c.

ANSWER TO SWEET HOME.

I was courted by a young man who led me astray,
From the cot of my childhood he drew me away;
But now he hath left me in sorrow to roam,
Far, far from my parents and far from my Home.
Home, Home, &c.

I rose with the lark in the morning of spring,
And all day at my wheel I would merrily sing;
At eve 'mong the broom in the valley I'd roam,
With the false-hearted youth who seduced me from
home.
Home, Home, &c.

Farewell peaceful cottage, farewell happy home,
 For ever I'm doom'd a poor exile to roam;
 But this aching heart must be laid in the tomb,
 Ere it can forget the endearments of home.
 Home, Home, &c.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min' ?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne ?

Chorus—For auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidlet i' the burn,
 Fra mornin sun till dine:
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
 Sin' auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
 And gie's a hand o' thine:
 And we'll tak' a right gude willie-waught
 For auld lang syne.
 For auld, &c.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

THE SAILOR'S GRAVE.

THERE is, in the lone, lone sea,
A spot, unmarked, but holy;
For there the gallant and the free
On his ocean-bed lies lowly.
Down, down, beneath the deep,
That oft in triumph bore him,
He sleeps a sound and peaceful sleep,
With the salt waves dashing o'er him.

He sleeps, he sleeps, serene and safe,
From tempest and from billow,
Where storms, that high above him chafe,
Scarce rock his peaceful pillow.
The sea and him in death,
They did not dare to sever;
It was his home when he had breath—
'Tis now his home for ever.

Sleep on thou mighty dead;
A glorious tomb they've found thee:
The broad blue sky above thee spread,
The boundless ocean 'round thee.
No vulgar foot treads here,
No hand profane shall move thee;
But gallant hearts shall proudly steer,
And warriors shont above thee.

And tho' no stone may tell
 Thy name, thy worth, thy glory,
 They rest in hearts that loved thee well,
 And they grace Britannia's story

THE CHINA SEAS.

AIR—The Poacher.

CHEER up my jolly British tars,
 And make the echoes ring,
 And pass the old *tin can* about,
 For glorious news I bring;
 I'm just come from a man-of-war,
 That stems both tide and breeze,—
 Our thunders roll'd as we earned our gold
 Away in the China Seas.

The tawny chaps out there be called
 The children of the Sun!
 Although the lubbers don't know how
 To sponge or fire a gun!
 Their ships are *junks*, their marlinspikes
 We'd break across our knees,—
 Lor, how we laughed to see their craft—
 Away in the China Seas!

What lingo too! why there they call
 Their Generals 'Mandarins!'
 Their towns are 'Yangs,' or 'Kangs,' or 'Shangs,'
 Or 'Nins,' or 'Chins,' or 'Kins,'—
 Or 'Choos,' or 'Poos,' or 'Zooos,' or 'Foo's,'
 Or 'Lees,' or 'Zees,' or 'Kees,'
 And I'll be blowed if a word I knowed,
 Away in the China Seas.

Their Emperor must feel mighty big,
For 'twas not long ago,
He made our proud Ambassador
Kneel down and kiss his toe;
But b——'t my eyes had I been he
If I'd gone on my knees,—
But then no tar or man-of-war
Sailed on the China Seas.

This tyrant stop'd the opium trade,
But found it was no joke;
We paid him off with British fire,
Because he would not *smoke*;
His brittle china-ware we smashed,
As easy as you'd please,
Till he wept to spy our flag so high
Sweep o'er the China Seas.

We captured Canton and Hong Kong,
Chusan, Amoy, Chapoo;
And Pottinger he was the boy
To batter Chin-Keang-foo;
But when we threatened Nankin too,
We made them with all ease,
Their millions pay our hands to stay,
Away in the China Seas.

So now I'll spend a purse of gold
With Sue and sister Poll;
But though I mean to enjoy myself
I'll heed my country's call;
And should these Mandarins again
Refuse to send us *teas*,
Once more I'll go and face the foe
Away in the China Seas.

T. Hill.

Shangs,'

o's,'

YO HEAVE HO.

My name d'ye see's Tom Tough, I've seen a little
service

Where mighty billows roll and loud tempests blow;
I have sail'd with valiant Howe, I've sail'd with noble
Jervis,

And in gallant Duncan's fleet I've sung out yo heave
ho!

Yet more shall ye be knowing,
I was cockswain to Boscawen,
And even with brave Hawke I've nobly faced the foe,
Then put round the grog,
So we've that and our prog,
We'll laugh in care's face, and sing yo heave ho.

When from my love to part I first weigh'd anchor,
And she was snivelling seen on the beach below,
I'd like to catch my eyes snivelling too, d'ye see to
thank her

But I brought my sorrows up with a yo heave ho;
For sailors though they have their jokes,
They love and feel like other folks,
But their duty to neglect must not come for to go;
So I seized the capstan bar,
Like a true honest tar,
And in spite of tears and sighs sung yo heave ho.

But the worst on't was that time, when the little ones
were sickly,
And if they'd live or die, the doctor did not know;
The word was gov'd to weigh so sudden and so quickly,
I thought my heart would break as I sung yo heave ho.
For Poll's so like her mother;
And as for Jack, her brother,
The boy, when he grows up, will nobly fight the foe;

But in Providence I trust,
 What must be, must,
 So my sighs I gave the winds, and sung out yo heave
 ho.

And now at last laid up in a decentish condition,
 For I've only lost an eye and got a timber toe;
 But old ships must expect in time to be out of com-
 mission

Nor again the anchor weigh with a yo heave ho.
 So I smoke my pipe and sing old songs,
 For my boy shall avenge my wrongs,
 And my girl shall breed young sailors who will nobly
 face the foe

Then to country and king,
 Fate no danger can bring,
 While the tars of old England sing out yo heave ho.

THE TAR FOR ALL WEATHERS.

WE Tars are all for fun and glee,—
 A Hornpipe was my notion—
 Time was I'd dance with any he
 Who sailed the salt-sea ocean;
 I'd tip the 'roll,' the 'slide,' the 'reel,'
 'Back' 'forward'—'up the middle,'
 And 'roast the pig,' and 'toe and heel,'
 All going with the fiddle!
 But one day call'd a shot to ram,
 'To check the foe advancing,
 A splinter cleared my larboard *gam*,
 And demme spoil'd my dancing!

Now I'm, said I, no churlish elf,—
 We messmates be all brothers—

What though I can't have fun myself,
 I may make fun for others;
 So a fiddle soon I made, my own,
 For girls and tars to caper,
 Learnt 'Rule Britannia,' 'Bob and Joan'—
 Soon grow'd a decent scraper.
 But just as I the knack on't got,
 And did it pretty middling,
 I lost my elbow by a shot,
 And demme spoil'd my fiddling!

Now sometimes as I turned my quid,
 I got a knack of thinking
 As I should be an invalid,
 So then I took to drinking;
 One day call'd down a gun to man
 And tip it with the gravy,
 I gave three cheers and took a can
 To drink the British Navy;
 But ere that I one drop on't sip'd,
 Or got it to my muzzle,
 A cartridge off my daddle whipp'd,
 And demme spoil'd my guzzle!

So then I took to taking snuff,
 Cause how my sorrows doubled,
 And pretty pastime 'twas enough,
 D'ye see, when I was troubled;
 But fortune, that mischievous elf,
 Still at some freak or other—
 Nöt that I minded for myself,
 But just for Poll and Mother!—
 One day when lying on a tack
 To keep two spanking foes off,
 A broadside came, capsizes Jack,
 And demme knock'd my nose off!

So in misfortune's school grown tough
 'Bout this same sort of knowledge,
 Thinking as how I'd had enough,
 They've sent me here to College;*
 So here I tell old tales, and smoke,
 And laugh while I am drinking,—
 Old Tars you know will have their joke,
 E'en though the ship be sinking;
 But while I have my grog to drink
 My Country and my Queen in,
 'Twill be no easy thing I think,
 Demme, to spoil my singing.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
 By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
 And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
 Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
 'Twas Autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
 To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
 In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;

* Greenwich Hospital.

I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft, [sung.
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to
part;

My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.
Campbell.

A SOLDIER'S GRATITUDE.

WHATE'ER my fate—where'er I roam—
By sorrow still oppressed,
I'll ne'er forget the peaceful home
That gave the wanderer rest.
Then ever rove life's sunny banks,
By sweetest flowerets strewed,
Still may you claim a soldier's thanks—
A soldier's gratitude.

The tender sigh, the balmy tear,
That meek-eyed pity gave,
My last expiring hour shall cheer,
And bless the wanderer's grave.
Then ever rove life's sunny banks,
By sweetest flowrets strewed,
Still may you claim a soldier's thanks—
A soldier's gratitude.

THE THISTLE OF SCOTIA.

LET the lily of France in luxuriance bloom,
 Let the shamrock of Erin its beauty maintain,
 Let the rose of fair England still waft its perfume,
 But the thistle of Scotia will dearest remain.

CHORUS.

To Scotia her thistle, her broad waving thistle,
 The evergreen thistle will dearest remain.

'Twas the badge that our fathers triumphantly wore,
 When they followed their sovereigns to th' field nor
 in vain,
 The emblem our Wallace in battle aye bore;
 Then the thistle of Scotland must dearest remain.
 To Scotia her thistle, &c.

It blooms on our mountains, it blooms in the vale,
 It blooms in the winter, in snow, and in rain;
 The type of her sons when rude seasons assail—
 To Scotia her thistle will dearest remain,
 To Scotia her thistle, &c.

CALEDONIA! NATIVE LAND.

NATIVE land I'll love thee ever—
 Let me raise the welcome strain—
 Mine were banished feet that never
 Hoped to press thy turf again.
 Now these eyes, illumed with gladness,
 As they scanned thy beauties o'er,
 Ne'er again shall melt in sadness,
 Parting to return no more.
 Caledonia! native land!
 Native land! I'll love thee ever.

Native land! tho' fate may banish,
 And command me far to part,
 Never can thy memory vanish
 From this glowing, grateful heart!
 Let an Indian solstice burn me,
 Or the snows of Norway chill,
 Hither still, my heart, I turn thee—
 Here, my country, thou art still.
 Caledonia! native land!
 Native land I'll love thee ever.

THE BACKWOODSMAN.

AIR—Langsyne.

COME all ye children of the soil,
 And ye from foreign lands,
 Who hither came to seek a home,
 And join our fearless bands.

CHORUS.

We'll make the woods, the streams, the lakes,
 Contribute to our joy.—
 Still nature's child in freedom wild
 Shall range each Bluenose boy!

We stem the current, skim the Lake,
 And roam the Forest through;
 Or down the foaming rapids glide,
 In th' frolicsome canoe.
 We'll make the woods, &c.

Our axes, felling giant trees,
 Throws open many a scene;
 And where dark forests lately frowned,
 Green fields now intervene.
 We'll make the woods, &c.

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When winter spreads her milk-white robe,
And Boreas shoots his dart,
Our jingling sleigh-bells' merry peal
Shall cheer each honest heart,
We'll make the woods, &c.

And then with snow-shoes, dog and gun,
Divested of all fear,
We'll ramble o'er each vale and hill,
And chase the timid deer.
We'll make the woods, &c.

What native then would change his home,
For other lands more fair!
What emigrant would come to this,
If he was happier there!
We'll make the woods, &c.—*T. Hill.*

ISLE OF THE WEST.

FAREWELL to thee Erin, my own beloved Isle,
Where Truth, Love and Virtue in all seasons smile;
Where'er I may wander, the land I love best
Is my own belov'd Ireland bright Isle of the West!
Thy valleys are fertile as valleys can be,
A garden of beauty, wall'd round by the sea;
As the fav'rite of Heav'n, thou art surely caress'd,
And the darling of Nature, fair Isle of the West.

The clouds that hang o'er thee shall soon disappear,
And bright eyes shall welcome an advent so dear;
While brave sons defend thee, with true hearts possess'd,
All lands shall befriend the, Sweet Isle of the West!

When death shall draw near me, as sure he will come,
 I'll smile at the summons that beckons me home,
 If at last from my cares and my troubles I rest,
 In repose on thy bosom, dear Isle of the West!

WAKE, ROYAL MAIDEN.

WAKE, royal maiden, from thy soft repose,
 As Zephyr awakes the unfolding rose;
 So we, like the bards of the olden day,
 Would greet thee with music and minstrel lay.
 Oh, fear not our numbers shall break on your slumbers,
 To sing of the graces that smiled on thy birth;
 There fragrantly breathing, the flowers we are wreath-
 ing
 Shall emblem thy virtues, and garland thy worth.
 Like a vision-wrapt sage
 Fame pierces the gloom
 Of Time's distant page,
 Which thy deeds shall illumine.
 And though years may pass ere the tablet of fame,
 Shall be bright with the records that blazon thy name;
 Yet Britannia prophetic belolds the proud day,
 When the sceptre of freedom Victoria shall sway.
 The vision is bright as her own natal day—
 Awake, Rose of England! and smile on our lay!

VICTORIA, THE QUEEN OF THE BRAVE.

WHILE man to the health of his mistress fills up.
 With nectar, his deep Bacchanalian cup,
 Though women scarce moistens her lip, yet I ween,
 With as loyal a heart drinks a health to the Queen.

To the Queen of the brave, to the Queen of the wave,
To the Queen whom the proudest would perish to save,
Here's a health that will hallow the wine as it flows
To the Queen of the Shamrock, the Thistle, and Rose.

VICTORIA, THE QUEEN.

ALL hail to the queen of the fair and the brave,
Let the bold song of joy reach the skies,
Bright, bright o'er the foam of her own subject wave
See the star of Victoria arise!
Young Queen of the ocean, prophetic our fire,
To hail thee the greatest we've seen—
Hark! the thundering strain of the old sea-god's choir,
To welcome Victoria the Queen!

May years full of honour and loyalty's love
Be thine, in thy place of renown:
To say that we honour thee means not enough,
For Britons all honour the crown;
But the crown that encircles young beauty's fair brow,
With fonder devotion is seen,
And chivalry sheds its romance o'er the vow
We pledge to Victoria the Queen.

Long, long, royal maid, may the olive entwine
With the laurels that circle thy crown,
But if war should arouse the old lion again,
'Twill be to increase thy renown:
To battle while rushing, each heart would beat high
To triumph, as wont we have been,
Propitious to conquest our bold battle cry,—
Victoria, for England's fair Queen!

JOHN BULL.

WHILST some of our ancients are lavish in praise,
And boast what great characters brighten'd their days,
I'll sing of a man not unnoticed by fame,
'That will rival them all, and John Bull is his name.

His pasture, brave fellow! 'tis liberty's field,
Fenc'd round by religion's impregnable shield;
Of conscience and rights he's so fully aware,
That his motto must strike you, it's touch them who
dare.

His patience and power hath often been try'd,
The first is his honour the last is his pride;
Yet so generous his nature all injury he scorns,
But woe to the man that dares play with his horns.

Constitution his collar, just law his gold chain,
Which by magic elastic extends o'er the main,
Where grand Ampitheatre of wood his dread roar,
Spread terror or stillness on every shore.

So now brother Britons let's cheerfully sing
Long life to John Bull and his keeper our Queen,
Not forgetting the good lady old England their mother,
For I'm sure the whole world can't produce such an-
other.

'TIS BRITANNIA WHOSE BANNER WAVES
OVER THE WORLD.

OH talk' not of Italy's bright, azure sky,
That imparts such voluptuous love to the eye;

Nor yet of the shore where its jewels are bright,
Where diamonds enrich the sweet lustre of night.

It is not a beauty made bright by desire,
And ripened by climate's intemperate fire;
Nor is it the land where the jewels are best,
That my heart would select as the home of its rest.

Oh no!—there's a land that my soul holds more fair,
Where freedom enlivens and gladdens the air;
The loves of whose daughters are heartfelt and pure,
As the swords of her sons are avenging and sure!

There's a spot in that land—oh! I would not resign,
If earth's richest treasures were offered as mine;—
For dear to my heart is that spot,—as the fame
That imperishing beams round my country's name!

And where is that country? go ask of the wind,
It has wafted her name to the Pole and the Ind;
From the tempest this answer will quickly be hur'd,
'Tis Britannia, whose banner waves over the world.

OLD ENGLAND, HER ALTARS AND THRONE.

Tho' radical knaves strive to raise up a storm,
And to blast Britain's peace with their howl of reform,
Her sons the leal-hearted, around her will stand,
To guard from destruction their lov'd native land.
And those sons are True Blue, to the world be it known,
Who will always be ready,
To their duty be steady,
To fight for old England, her altars and throne.

To defend what our fathers bequeath'd we're array'd:
 And whoe'er be our foes we will ne'er be dismay'd:
 For Albion, who rules wheresoe'er the waves foam,
 Shall never be conquer'd by traitors at home.
 For her sons, the True Blues, to the world be it known,

Will always be ready,

To their duty be steady,

To fight for old England, her altars and throne.

Ere 'tis long we will shew to each disloyal knave,
 Who, for base selfish ends, would his country enslave,
 Tho' of Freedom he prates, he's a foe to the cause,
 Who would wound Britain's Fame, Constitution and
 Laws.

For her sons the True Blue, to the world be it known,

Will always be ready,

To their duty be steady,

To fight for old England, her altars and throne.

The hirelings of Faction we spurn and despise,
 With their atheist creeds and their radical lies:
 And in spite of their plot and poor pitiful wiles,
 Britannia shall still rain proud Queen of the Isles.
 For her sons the True Blue, to the world be it known,

Will always be ready,

To their duty be steady,

To fight for old England, her altars and throne.

THE RALLYING CALL.

The foes of our country are gathering round,
 Her faith and her freedom to fling to the ground;
 They are strong to destroy, and their democrat rage
 Her church, crown, and peerage alone can assuage.

Up Britons, arouse ye! the call has gone forth
 To muster your clans from the South to the North;
 Then haste to the beacon, with patriot zeal,
 And rally your strength 'gainst the treasons of Peel.

The hour is approaching when monarchy's sway,
 If the traitor succeed, shall be fritter'd away,
 And the church of our fathers, the old hallow'd pile,
 Be condemned by the godless to cease from our isle.

Oh! strike for the freedom which Hampden secured,
 For the faith for which Ridley the fagot endured,
 With the nobles, who dauntless your ancestors freed,
 In the cause of the Barons of fair Runnymede.

In brave Roden's name rear the standard on high,
 Let it wave in the breeze—let it float in the sky;
 Dishonour ne'er sullied that standard in war,
 And never shall traitors its purity mar.

Ye Senators, haste to the scene of the strife,
 Britain struggles for freedom—she struggles for life;
 Bid her troubles be ended—her sorrows rejoice,
 And restore to your Monarch the man of our choice.

Be your pleasures forsaken, your comforts foregone,
 Your affections are due to your country alone;
 'Tis the land of your fathers that calls you to save—
 'Tis the home of the free—'tis the Queen of the wave.

ALL HAIL TO SAINT GEORGE.

TUNE—"When Vulcan forged the Bolts of Jove."

ALL hail to ST. GEORGE! whose guardian hand
 Protects fair Albion's Isle;

All hail great champion of our land!
For ever on us smile.

And may we Britons ever pay
The due respect to this our day,
Which is devoted to thy name,
Long as our country lives in fame.

Long may the land which gave us birth,
Be empress of the main!

May she ne'er feel the sense of death,
But ever blest remain.

And when, if ever 'tis her fate,
To see invasion at her gate,
May all her sons with sword and dart,
Soon pierce the Dragon to the heart.

Long may we all our Laws revere,
And every right maintain:

May civil discord ne'er appear

Our beauteous soil to stain,
But may we all like brothers feel
Each others woes, each others weal;
And share the bounty we possess,
With all our kindred in distress.

May the fair spot in which we live,
(Tho' west th' Atlantic's sea,)

Share in the blessings thou may'st give,
And all its sons be free.

May GEORGE and PATRICK hand in hand,
Be scarce distinguished in the land!
And long as earth remains entire,
May they both feel the same desire.

Long may our QUEEN the sceptre wield,
And we respect her sway;

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May honour round her temples yield
 Her never fading bay.
 And long as life to her is given,
 May blessings shower on her from heaven:
 And we her faithful subjects prove
 In Valour, Loyalty, and Love.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO MERRY ENGLAND.

HERE'S a health to merry England, who conquers to
 save,
 Here's a health to our Monarch and Laws,
 Here's a health to the mighty, the mighty and brave,
 Who fought and have bled in her cause;
 Long may she flourish so free,
 Defiance long hurl on her foes,
 Exists there, the Briton a traitor would be,
 Nor die for the Lion and Rose!

CHORUS.

Huzza! huzza! to the Lion and the Rose,
 No Briton exists but would fight for his land,
 And die for the Lion and Rose.

Here's a health to the Army; our bulwarks of oak,
 Here's a health to our Tars on the main,
 To Europe, in terror they often have spoke,
 And conquer'd again and again;
 Here's a health to the Church and the Queen,
 Here's a health to our Commons and Lords,
 May the brave never shrink from the grasp of the sword,
 In defence of the Lion and Rose.

Huzza! huzza! to the Lion and the Rose!
 Encircled by glory, how lasting his fame,
 Who falls for the Lion and Rose.

THE ARMY AND NAVY FOR EVER.

TUNE—"The Duchess,"

LET sailors and soldiers unite in one cause,
 Bound together by honour and loyalty's band,
 Both fight for old England, and cherish her cause,
 And give to the Queen each his heart and his hand.
 In this phalanx unite,
 Like Lions we'll fight,
 While no private feuds our interests dissever;
 But this be our boast,
 And our ultimate toast,
 Here's the Army and Navy of Britain for ever!

The sailor who ploughs on the watery main,
 To war, and to danger, and shipwreck a brother,
 And the soldier, who firmly stands out the campaign,
 Do they fight for two men who make war on each
 other?
 Oh! no, 'tis well known,
 The same royal throne,
 Fires their bosoms with ardour and noble endeavour;
 And that each with his lass,
 As he drinks a full glass,
 Toasts the Army and Navy of Britain for ever!

The cause is but one, and they both can unite,
 Needs no other example than this to be seen;
 Who is bolder in danger, experter in fight,
 Than the maratime soldier—the honest marine?
 He pulls and he hauls,
 He fights till he falls,
 And from fore-tack or musket he never will waver,
 But when the fray's o'er,
 With his Dolly on shore,
 Drinks the Army and Navy of Britain for ever!

What matters it who braves the glebe or the surge?
 Yet if there's a contest about either station,
 Let that stimulant, glory, and loyalty, urge,
 Who will stand the most firm to the Queen and the
 nation;
 While thus we agree,
 Let's fight and be free;
 Shall Britons 'gainst Britons draw daggers? Oh never!
 Make the Sans Culotte's fly;
 And let fame rend the sky,
 With the Army and Navy of Britain for ever!

HYMN,

For the Installation of an Orange Lodge.

AIR—Vesper Hymn.

FATHER! hear our prayers ascending;
 Lo! we lift our hearts above;
 May thy grace on us descending
 Bind us in fraternal love.
Chorus—Bless, O bless our Installation,
 And protect each Orange Band.
 Spread our brotherhood through the nation,
 Till it renovates the land.

May thy guiding-star shine brightly
 On the Master at our head;
 And illuminate us nightly,—
 Both the leader and the led.
 Bless, O bless, &c.

We unite in peace in quiet—
 We unite in Britain's cause;—

Never will we mix in riot,
 But revere and guard the laws.
 Bless, O bless, &c.

But should foes delight in fighting,
 And rebelling take the field;
 Then shall Orangemen, uniting,
 Teach them Britons ne'er shall yield.
 Bless, O Bless, &c. *T. Hill.*

ANNIVERSARY SONG,

For the Twelfth day of July, and sung in St. John,
 July 12th, 1844.

YE Orangemen of Brunswick,
 Who make this grand display,
 And congregate this Glorious Twelfth
 To celebrate the day.
 Since Popery was this day o'erthrown
 All Protestants should join,
 And each voice
 Shall rejoice
 That King William crossed the Boyne—
 That the bigot's reign this day was closed
 When William cross'd the Boyne.

'Twas on the walls of Derry
 The prentice boys did bleed,
 When "No Surrender" was their cry
 And Walker did them lead.
 But William Prince of Orange came,
 And soon broke through their lines,
 And he stood
 The iron flood
 When his army cross'd the Boyne—

When he gallantly led on the van
To vict'ry o'er the Boyne.

Cheer up, our cause is gaining,
Lo, Ulster takes the van!
Th' obnoxious Act's expiring,
And humbled is old Dan.

Whilst here New-Brunswick's sons press on
The Orange ranks to join,
And they dare
Each breast to bear,
For the colours of the Boyne—
Who would not die 'neath Britain's flag
And the colours of the Boyne!

This Glorious Anniversary
Each Protestant should hail,
For freed were they from Popery
When James's host turn'd tail.
Long as the Union Jack shall last,
Or loyal men combine,
Heart and hand
Shall each band
Pledge "the Hero of the Boyne"—
Pledge the memory of the Noble Prince
Who conquered at the Boyne. *T. Hill.*

LOYAL ORANGE BOYS.

AIR—Farmer's Boy.

Come never let your spirits pine,
Nor droop on Brunswick's soil;
The Orange flag with wreaths entwine,
Nor think in vain your toil.

Be ours the task to clear the land
From all the true annoyers,
Till Britain's Queen shall bless the band—
Of Loyal Orange Boys.

We hold our faith and morals dear
As the tie which doth us bind;
Our direst foes have nought to fear
If to order they're inclined;
But should they with defiance greet
Our Queen—our arms we'll poise
And teach them then what 'tis to meet
A Band of Orange Boys.

Not Long ago both faint and weak
Appeared our band—and few—
Though the tie which bound us did not break,
We still were all true blue;
But now our tables round about,
What hosts partake our joys!
And Protestants this land throughout
Will soon be Orange Boys.

Our foes may threaten if they please,
But that we need not fear;
Our Magna Charta guarantees
Our right t' assemble here.
And though our enemies should press,
We'll treat their taunts as toys,—
Our Country and our God will bless
A Band of Orange Boys.

Then let us ne'er forget the Prince
Who came to set us free,
And gave us what we've cherished since—
True British Liberty!

And though our band should stand alone,
Midst battle's strife and noise,
No Papist e'er shall mount the throne
To reign o'er Orange Boys ! *T. Hill.*

A SONG,

*For the Anniversary of the Shutting of the Gates of
Derry.*

TUNE—"Auld Langsyne."

FULL many a long wild Winter's night,
And sultry Summer's day,
Are past and gone since James took flight
From Derry walls away;
Cold are the hands that closed that gate
Against the wily foe;
But here, to Time's remotest date,
Their spirit still shall glow.
So here's a health to all good men,
Now fearless friends are few;
But when we close our gates again,
We'll then be all true blue.

Lord Antrim's men came down yon glen,
With drums and trumpets gay;
Our Prentice Boys just heard the noise,
And then prepared for play:
While some opposed, the gates they closed,
And joining hand in hand,
Before the wall resolved to fall,
Or for their freedom stand.
When honour calls to Derry walls,
The noble and the brave,
Oh! he that in the battle falls
Must find a hero's grave.

Then came the hot and doubtful fray,
With many a mortal wound;
While thousands in wild war's array,
Stood marshalled all around.
Each hill and plain was strewed with slain,
The Foyle ran red with blood;
But all was vain the town to gain—
Here William's standard stood.
Renowned are those who face their foes,
As men and heroes should;
And let the slave steal to his grave,
Who fears to shed his blood.

The matchless deeds of those who here
Defied the Tyrant's frown,
On History's bright rolls appear,
Emblazoned in renown:
Here deathless Walker's faithful word
Sent hosts against the foe,
And gallant Murray's bloody sword
The Gallic chief laid low.
We honour those heroic dead,
Their glorious memory;
May we, who stand here in their stead,
As wise and valiant be.

Oh! sure a heart of stone would melt,
The scenes once here to see—
And witness all our fathers felt,
To make their country free.
They saw the lovely matron's cheek
With want and terror pale—
They heard their child's expiring shriek
Float on the passing gale!
Yet here they stood, in fire and blood,
As battle raged around;

Resolved to die—till victory
Their purple standard crowned.

The sacred rights these heroes gained,
In many a hard-fought day,
Shall they by us be still maintained,
Or basely cast away?
Shall rebels vile rule o'er our isle,
And call it all their own?
Oh surely no!—the faithless foe,
Must bend before the throne.
Then here's a health to all good men,
To all good men, and true;
And when we close our gates again,
We'll then be all true blue.

Graham.

A SONG,

For the Anniversary of the Relief of Derry.

AIR—"My ain kind dearie, O!"

THE gloomy hour of trial's o'er,
No longer cannons rattle, O!
The Tyrant's flag is seen no more,
And James has lost the battle, O!
• And here are we renowned and free,
By maiden walls surrounded, O!
While all the knaves who'd make us slaves,
Are baffled and confounded, O!

The Dartmouth spreads her snow-white sail,
Her purple pendant flying, O!
While we the gallant BROWNING hail,
Who saved us all from dying, O!

Like Noah's dove, sent from above,
 While foes would starve and grieve us, O!
 Through floods and fame an Angel came,
 To comfort and relieve us, O!

Oh! when the vessel struck the boom,
 And pitched, and reeled, and stranded, O!
 With shouts the foe denounced our doom,
 And open gates demanded, O!
 And shrill and high arose the cry,
 Of anguish, grief, and pity, O!
 While, black with care and deep despair,
 We mourned our falling city, O!

But, Heaven her guide, with one broadside,
 The laden bark rebounded, O!
 A favouring gale soon filled the sail,
 While hills and vales resounded, O!
 The joy-bells ring, Long live our King!
 Adieu to grief and sadness, O!
 To Heaven we raise the voice of praise,
 In heartfelt joy and gladness, O! *Graham.*

AN ODE

On the Relief of Derry.

AIR—"Erin go Bragh."

O'ER proud Londonderry "the Red Flag is waving,
 The old badge of Freedom gay floats on the breeze,"
 And far down the Foyle banks the joy-note is raving,
 While the loud shout's returned from the hills and
 the seas;

Grown dear, doubly dear, when proud foemen revile us,
And with foul imputation attempt to defile us,
And Monks, Whigs, and "Bondsmen," combine to
beguile us
Of the *rights* and the *freedom* our ancestors won.

We hail this bright day, to our comfort returning,
Which our Fathers relieved in the depth of their wo,
When the trenches abandoned, their tents quickly
burning,
From these walls fled, abashed and confounded, the
foe.
Melodious the bells in our high steeple ringing,
Their tribute of joy to our festival bringing,
Swell the deep sounding chorus of thousands, all sing-
ing
Our song to "THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM THE
GREAT."

The deeds once displayed here, and often related,
In Fancy's fair vision recur to our sight;
Here WALKER harangued, DAVID CAIRNES de-
bated,
And MURRAY, great MURRAY, rushed forth to
the fight:
On that field near the strand, where all calm and un-
heeding,
The herds tend their flocks, on the green herbage
feeding,
PUSIGNIAN the valiant lay wounded and bleeding,
And gallant MAUMONT felt the cold hand of death.

Oh, shades of our Sires! in the Ides of December,
Your contest for Liberty sacred began;
And your Triumph in August our sons will remember,
While valour and truth shall be valued by man;

The bigot may stare—the Jacobin wonder,
 The rebel with malice and rage burst asunder,
 But to-day shall our fortress resound with the thunder,
 That called forth a BRUNSWICK to rule on our
 throne. *Graham.*

THE ORANGEMEN OF IRELAND.

A SONG.

WHEN Satan sat in Parliament the Popish Bill to pass,
 He laid a snare to force us all to worship him at Mass;
 The religion of the Bible to abandon and disown,
 And bow, like Indian savages, before his gloomy
 throne.

The Orangemen of Ireland to meet him were not
 there,

To snaffle him, to baffle him, and break his wily
 snare.

When Satan's own defenders raised their heads in
 ninety-five,

'Tis true of them, but few of them can now be found
 alive;

When they struck the weak and timorous with terror
 and affright,

And traversed all the provinces in multitudes by night;

The Orangemen of Ireland then started to their post,

Confronted them, and hunted them, until the cause
 was lost.

When Sampson and when Emmet, in the days of
 ninety-eight,

Had plotted a rebellion to destroy the Church and
 State;

When the rebels they had organized, with muskets
 took the field,
 To make the Lord Lieutenant and the Legislators
 yield;
 The Orangemen of Ireland, unaided and alone,
 Undaunted stood and shed their blood, and conquer-
 ed for the throne.

And yet the day came round at last, and (wonderful!)
 was seen,
 When the Orange and the Purple were confounded
 with the Green;
 When Plunkett, by a letter in his Algerine-like Bill,
 His venom vented bitterly on those who beard him still:
 The Orangemen of Ireland, though true in heart as
 steel,
 Submitted to the silly Bill, depending upon Peel.

Meanwhile the wily Demagogues, for whom it seemed
 designed,
 Contrived a ready loophole in the Statute-book to find;
 To assemble in a Parliament, and tax the land with
 rent,
 And all their foaming fury on the Protestants to vent;
 While the Orangemen of Ireland beheld their deeds
 with pain,
 In silence, but in readiness, determined to remain.

The Warder on the battlements, *The Packet* and
The Mail,
 To stand for Erin's Orangemen will not be found to
 fail;
The Londonderry Sentinel, *The Guardian* of Bel-
 fast,
 And the old and faithful *News-Letter*, will guard us
 to the last:

And the Orangemen of Ireland their advocates will
cheer,
When Popery and Whiggery shall wholly disappear.

And now that George's Ministers, by terror led astray,
Our Citadel of Freedom would abandon or betray;
When that for which a James was justly tumbled from
the throne,
By parasite or prostitute is likely to be done;
The Orangemen of Ireland once more upon their
post,
In strength remain, to stand again before the Papal
host.

Though watching for calamity on Britain's happy land,
To massacre the Protestants in readiness they stand;
Though their Demagogues have told us that the night
we ought to watch,
When the murderer shall raise his hand to lift our bed-
room latch;
The Orangemen of Ireland, all steady to the Crown,
May rise again with might and main, and put the
reptiles down. *Graham.*

THE ORANGEMEN OF ULSTER.

THE rebel's hopes rose fast :
And the Orange flag sank low
When the dread and fatal bill was past
To emancipate their foe.
Prostrate before the blow
They fell, for their hopes were crushed,
But the stroke was dealt by friends, I trow !
And the wail of grief was hushed !

But to work them harm or good,
 Those friends soon lost the power,
 And left them a prey to the men of blood
 They'd freed in an evil hour ;
 And now in triumph tow'r
 The rebel-white and green,
 Whilst the loyal "blue and orange" lower,
 And dare not to be seen.

Though oft we've made them yield,
 When William's strength they tried ;
 And vain their shield on Aughrim's field,
 Or where Boyne Waters glide,
 Insulting, thus they chide :—
 As their rebel colours soar—
 "The Orange Flag with all its pride
 Henceforth shall be no more!"

Supporters of the laws—
 Their Sov'reign bound t' obey,
 Though, by injustice to their cause,
 To rebels made a prey ;
 We feared not an affray,
 But sworn men we, and true,
 We waited for a happier day—
 What else could leal men do ?

But the day's once more at hand,
 When our flag shall be upreared,
 For the greatest Statesman of the land,
 The same hath just declared !
 And though but ill we've fared,
 Be ours the glorious lot,
 To prove our faith is unimpaired,
 And our giant wrongs forgot !

Though rebel swords unsheath,
 They never may prevail;—
 Defenders of our fathers faith,
 Not an Orange breast shall quail,
 But Protestants shall hail
 Us champions to the last,
*When the ORANGEMEN OF ULSTER nail
 Their colours to the mast!!! T. Hill.*

PROTESTANT BOYS.

TELL me, my friends, why are we met here?
 Why thus assembled, ye Protestant boys?
 Do mirth and good liquor, good humour, good cheer,
 Call us to share of festivity's joys?
 Oh, no! 'tis the cause
 Of Queen--Freedom--and Laws,
 That calls loyal Protestants now to unite;
 And ORANGE and BLUE
 Ever faithful and true,
 Our Queen shall support, and Sedition affright.

Great spirit of William! from Heaven look down,
 And breathe in our hearts our forefathers' fire—
 Teach us to rival their glorious renown,
 From Papist or Frenchman ne'er to retire,
 Jacobine,—Jacobite,—
 Against all to unite,
 Who dare to assail our Sovereign's throne,
 For ORANGE and BLUE
 Will be faithful and true,
 And Protestant loyalty ever be shewn.

In that Loyalty proud let us ever remain,
 Bound together in truth and Religion's pure band;

Nor honour's fair cause with foul bigotry stain,
 Since in courage and justice, supported we stand.
 So Heaven shall smile
 On our emerald isle,
 And lead us to conquest again and again;
 While Papists shall prove
 Our brotherly love;—
 We hate them as masters, we love them as men.

By the deeds of their fathers to glory inspired,
 Our Protestant heroes will combat the foe;
 Hearts, with true honour and Loyalty fired,
 Intrepid, undaunted, to conquest will go.
 In ORANGE and BLUE,
 Still faithful and true,
 The soul-stirring music of glory they'll sing;
 The shades of the Boyne
 In the chorus will join,
 And the welkin re-echo with God save the Queen.

ERIN GO BRAGH.

YE sons of Hibernia, inspired from above,
 With honour, with courage and brotherly love;
 Rebellion to crush, and advance the true cause,
 Of Queen, Constitution, Religion, and laws.
 Sing Ireland for ever, sweet Erin go bragh,
 May thy sons flourish ever, delighted to sing
 The chorus of Orangemen, God save the Queen.

May treason confounded, be driven from our isle,
 And olive-robed peace, again deign to smile:
 May Loyalty still be each Irishman's boast,
 And for ages to come may this be his toast;
 Sing Ireland for ever, &c.

May thy liberty flourish untainted and pure,
 'Gainst the mad broils of faction establish'd secure,
 And Orange triumphant ever be seen,
 When weigh'd in the balance with yellow and green.
 Sing Ireland for ever, &c.

And still be adored as faithful and true,
 The mystic entwining of Orange and blue;
 May the spirit of William, and reason's bright flame,
 Still urge us to glory, inspired with his name.
 Sing Ireland for ever, &c.

AND DO OUR IRISH PROTESTANTS.

AND do our Irish Protestants
 Forget their former spirit?
 And do they not their fathers' zeal
 And loyalty inherit?
 Oh! yes; to guard Great George's throne,
 That loyal spirit rises,
 And all the haughty threats of France
 And Popery despises.

Our Orange banner wav'd on high,
 Appals the band of Treason:
 In doubtless courage firm we stand,
 In honour, truth and reason.
 No canting knaves our loyal hearts
 Shall from our Queen dis sever;
 And they that once thought to get up,
 We'll keep them down for ever.

At Orange William's godlike name,
 Let France and Popery tremble;

For summon'd by the magic sound
 Do Protestants assemble;
 And by that glorious Orange, swear,
 In steadfast resolution,
 With heart and hand, still to defend
 Our happy Constitution.
 Then, brothers, come the chorus join,—
 For each to each is brother,
 Our Revolution to defend,
 We will oppose another.
Chorus—Then, brothers, &c.

SONGS OF WILLIAM'S GLORIOUS REIGN.

GENIUS of Erin's Emerald isle,
 In all thine ancient glory rise!
 And teach thy sons at death to smile,
 While their proud strain ascends the skies;
 "Sires of William's glorious reign,
 Triumphant in your sons again!"

Awake, true sons of Erin, wake,
 Attend your Queen and Country's call!
 Beneath your bands shall treason shake,
 Beneath your arms shall treason fall?
 "Sires of William's glorious reign,
 In their sons shall fight again."

Hark! down the Boyne's immortal flood,
 Flows this sublime, triumphant sound,
 Where, like yon column, firm they stood,
 Till victory's self their virtue crown'd:
 "Sires of William's glorious reign,
 Bid their sons their rights maintain."

Hark! how from Anghrim's blood-stain'd field—
 Stained with the blood that warms your heart—
 The shades of those who ne'er could yield,
 Thus prompt the Patriot's awful part;
 "Sires of William's glorious reign,
 Trust their sons to guard this plain."

And hark! from Derry's sacred walls,
 That spurn'd the tyrant at their feet,
 A guardian voice, inspiring calls,
 And Derry's sons the strain repeat,
 "Sires of William's glorious reign,
 Guard in us, these walls again."

Again shall Eniskillen pour
 Her heroes, for their rights to die;
 Before them, as in days of yore,
 Shall traitors, tyrants, Frenchmen, fly.
 "Sires of William's glorious reign,
 "Fought not for their sons in vain."

The men of Erin catch the flame,
 The spirit of the isle's abroad;
 They pant to share their fathers' fame,
 Like them, in war or death unaw'd;
 "Sires of William's glorious reign
 Ne'er can call their sons in vain."

WHEN THE GODS FROM ABOVE.

WHEN the Gods from above saw the state of this isle,
 They determin'd all traitorous schemes they would foil,
 A council they held, and straightway did decree,
 "That more strength should be join'd to the old
 "Orange tree:"

For they said, if the rebels had once the command,
 Their blood-thirsty actions would disgrace the land"
 Down, down, traitors, lie down.

For this purpose they chose at Armagh a few friends,
 Who they knew were inclin'd to forward their ends,
 They searched their hearts, which were loyal and sound
 And to them they disclosed all our secrets profound:
 For they knew they'd take part in the cause that is
 good,
 And support it with honour, with courage and blood.
 Down, down, &c.

Then the Protestants bold, began quickly to join,
 To support what their ancestors gained at the Boyne;
 A word was enough, they engaged in the cause,
 And vow'd they'd support our good king and his laws;
 A word was enough, in the cause they engag'd,
 And could scarce curb their passion they were so en-
 rag'd.
 Down, down, &c.

With amazement the rebels beheld how they spread,
 And determin'd to murder them all in their bed;
 But the all-seeing Providence soon interfer'd,
 And the lives of the Orangemen graciously spar'd;
 Their plans they discover'd in the dead of the night,
 And boldly attack'd them and put them to flight.
 Down, down, &c.

Their plots thus frustrated, more desp'rate they grew,
 Resolving to summon their blood-thirsty crew;
 Which when done, to the diamond they hurry'd away,
 But while they're alive, they'll remember that day;
 For in hundreds they flew, and ne'er once turn'd round,
 While the Orange pursued, crying, 'traitors, lie down.'
 Down, down, &c.

WAKE, YEOMEN OF ENGLAND !

WAKE, Yeomen of England ! the hour is at hand,
 When he who would hold it must fight for his land ;
 Your hearts are undaunted, and righteous the cause ;
 Be your watchword—the Altar, the Throne, and the
 Laws !

Shall the Radical trample, in blasphemous glee
 On the Yeomen of England, the brave and the free ?
 Shall he pull down the Church where your forefathers
 pray'd,
 O'er the tombs where your fathers and mothers are laid ?

Shall the frank-hearted Monarch—the kind and the
 good,
 Dye the regicide axe with his true English blood ?
 Would your women respect ye as Englishmen more
 If your King of the sea was an outcast on shore ?

Shall the laws that protect you in wisdom and power,
 The gathering of ages, be crush'd in an hour ?
 Shall the cradle of Freedom be turn'd to its grave,
 And the Yeomen of Britain a Demagogue's slave.

Tho' the demon of Anarchy howl for his prey, [play-
 He who soweth should reap, he who worketh should
 Let him jabber and grin in his blood-thirsty rage,
 The furious wild beast must be kept in his cage.

When your Nobles and Gentlemen ride at your head,
 What army in Europe's so gallantly led ?
 The trumpet of Fame tells the deeds that were done
 When your troops show'd the nations how battles
 were won.

When the terrified earth own'd the Corsican's reign,
Whose sword clove his iron-bound sceptre in twain?
That sword that to honour and victory led,
In its scabbard reposes, but not with the dead.

See tier after tier, frowning over the tide,
The bulwarks of Britain in terrible pride!
Will your sailors submit to the Radical's yoke?
No! their hands are of steel, as their hearts are of oak!

Let the Unionist drunkard of Birmingham rail,
'Tis the sweat of his children has paid for his ale!
His wife eyes her famishing brood with a tear,
While he revels abroad in sedition and beer.

Wake, Yeomen of England! the hour is at hand,
When he who would hold it must fight for his land;
Your hearts are undaunted, and righteous your cause!
Be your watchword—the Altar, the Throne, and the
Laws!

THE BRIGHTEST BANNER IN THE WORLD.

WHILE daring rebels round us stand,
With Popish frenzy raving;
We hail the star that lights our land,
And the banner proudly waving:
The flag that tinged with Orange dye,
When William, England's glory!
Spreads its bright colours to the sky,
And gain'd a deathless story.

Then did the papal monster bend,
The rebel army falter;

The reign of falsehood find an end,
 And every foe—a halter;
 The glittering light of William's sword,
 Dispell'd the mist of treason;
 The splendid music of his word,
 Diffus'd the beam of reason.

Boyne's lucid wave the pennon kiss'd,
 Rejoic'd to see it waving;
 The rebel bullets harmless hiss'd,
 Vain were the yells and raving:
 The Orange banner stream'd on high,
 Rebellion's rag was sullied;
 Our "Church and King" the battle cry,
 That superstition buried.

Then hail the day—the happy hour,
 When rebel traitors humbled;
 When papal tyrants lost their power,
 And lying priestcraft crumbled:
 When Orange William wide unfurl'd
 With manly resolution,
 The brightest banner in the world,
 And sav'd our Constitution.

THE BIBLE AND THE CROWN.

I AM a son of Albion,
 A loyal fusileer,
 And I have march'd to bugle tune
 For many a rolling year;
 My heart and might is William's right,
 My conscience is my own,
 While they remain I will maintain
 The Bible and the Crown.

The Bible does my soul renew,
The Crown protects my rights,
By one I'm free'd from future woe,
By one from present strife;
So safe I live and safe survive,
Nor fear a tyrant's frown,
Where laws divine and human join
The Bible and the Crown.

I thought when foreign feuds were done
The Lion may repose,
But since Carlele his works begun,
And Whooler's dwarf arose,
And Henry Hunt aspired to mount
In arms the British throne;
I cannot rest while they molest
The Bible and the Crown.

'Tis in the starry vault of heaven
The God of battles dwell,
I trust his mighty aid be given
To crush the infidel.
At Waterloo the storm winds blew,
And flashing bolts came down,
To scare the soul that durst control
The Bible and the Crown.

Far o'er the seas of either pole,
And o'er th' Atlantic deep,
I have seen the angry billows roll,
And sink again to sleep.
On every coast, 'mid arctic frost,
And through the burning zone,
Just heaven befriends those that defend
The Bible and the Crown.

If in the deadly battle's gloom,
 Where cannon's murky breath
 Athwart the sinews strife to doom,
 Shews like the cold of death;
 I cannot think my heart would shrink
 Though mortal hopes were flown,
 For help is near while we revere
 The Bible and the Crown.

Then courage boys! in France in Spain,
 On Alexandria's brow,
 He's beat the foe of God and man,
 And we can beat them now.
 The rebels power is but an hour,
 St. George will smite them down;
 Soon shall we sing, long live our Queen!
 The Bible and the Crown.

Health to my Sovereign ere we part,
 To me my Queen is dear,
 Because she hath a soldier's heart,
 And man she does not fear.
 The soul forlorn she will not scorn,
 And where her worth is known
 No rebel hate can harm the state,
 The Bible and the Crown.

THE BRIGHT ORANGE RIBBON.

O LOVE is the soul of a true Orangeman,
 He loves all that's loyal, loves all that he can,
 With his bright Orange ribbons with purple and blue;

His heart is right honest, he's firm and sound,
 No malice or envy is there to be found;

For his Queen and his Country he's ready to fight,
In subduing all rebels he takes great delight,
With his bright Orange ribbons with purple and blue.

If you had the honour to sit in our Lodge,
It is there you would see the true Orangeman's badge,
Of bright Orange ribbons with purple and blue:

A neat silken collar adorns his white neck,
Which the orange, the blue, and the purple do deck,
For our Queen, Constitution, our Country and Laws,
The Establish'd Religion, and that is the cause
Of those bright Orange ribbons with purple and blue:

In the evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart full of love for his Country and those
Who wear bright Orange ribbons with purple and
blue:

He greets an old friend whom he meets on the way,
He proves him a brother and to him does say,
Did you hear the message that came from above,
Which bids us unite in brotherly love,
With our bright Orange ribbons with purple and blue.

Then here's to the land that gave William his birth,
With the land that we live in, and its neighbouring
earth,
That makes Orangemen purple, and purplemen true:

May they of great William always be able
To thrash every foe that would strive to disable,
May the sons of old George be loyal and stout,
And all bad rebels we'll put to the route,
With our bright Orange ribbons with purple and
blue.

HARK THE MERRY BELLS.

HARK the merry bells are going!
 Brethren hail the glorious morn,
 With heart and hand, and glasses flowing,
 Drink the Glorious Memory!

To you this day a King was given,
 The chain of slavery he broke;
 Ordained by God and sent from heaven
 To free us from the tyrant's yoke.

Ye faithful souls then bless the hour,
 The happy hour that gave him birth,
 Adore the great Almighty's power,
 And with thanksgiving fill the earth.

Rejoice! rejoice! by love excited,
 The Orange flag triumphant wave.
 And drink with hand and heart united,
 William the great! the good! the brave!

COME HASTE TO OUR LODGE.

COME haste to our lodge my dear friends of the garter,
 Which you see embellished with orange and blue,
 From which is suspended our royal grand master,
 To whom till time is no more we'll be faithful and true;

He fought for our laws,
 And established our cause,
 And ready we are to appear upon sight,
 On hill, ocean or plain,
 In frost, snow or rain,
 When William commands we most willing to fight.

We do not assemble like the base assassins,
 Who by Jesuits are sworn to depopulate
 A country well known for its wealth and its morals,
 The poor man has pleasure as well as the great.
 No, no, we assemble
 To love one another,
 And ready we are to encamp or entrench,
 When our sovereign calls,
 We care not who falls,
 In protecting our isles from the rebels and French.

The crops may be easy, but faith I much doubt it,
 'Tho' they have got thro' their crony a mask of dis-
 guise;
 At justice they are laughing, they are so well treated,
 While they are collecting all sorts of supplies.
 If once more they are seen,
 With the yellow and green,
 Their priests and their pikes in motley array,
 We'll fight them once more,
 As we fought them before,
 So long life to our Queen, boys, huzza, boys,
 huzza!

AS FREEDOM WALKED ONE EVENING FAIR.

As freedom walked one evening fair
 Beside Boyne's classic water,
 Her tresses sporting in the air,
 That sweetly wooing sought her;
 Exultingly she viewed the plain,
 Where monkish relics lying,
 Proclaimed the triumphs of her reign,
 And popish error dying.

Oh! who, she cried, that looks on thee,
 His soul with virtue glowing,
 That must not in thy mirrors see
 Time's imaged current flowing;
 The days when bigot-priestcraft drew
 Its darkling circle round us,
 And despot kings, in union true,
 With slavish fetters bound us:

But now, with body and with mind,
 Erect in freedom's spirit;
 Prepared to guard, with hearts combined,
 The blessings they inherit—
 A race imbued with me and truth
 Shall ne'er forget thy story,
 Whilst virtuous bards rouse Erin's youth
 To emulate thy glory!

Yes! gentle flowing Boyne, thy name
 From mine no years shall sever,
 But thou and I, to latest fame,
 Live pure and bright for ever;
 Upon the banks a wreath was won,
 Which crowns thy brow unfaded,
 And he is not my genuine son
 Who'd wish that wreath degraded.

LOYAL ORANGEMEN.

Assembled now what is our view,
 True loyal Orangemen
 Assembl'd now what is our view,
 But ties of honour to renew,
 The paths of glory we'll pursue,
 True loyal Orangemen.

We seek no gain or tempting gold,
Nobly paid by being enroll'd,
To vie in fame with these of old,
True hearted Orangemen.

Valiant deeds the page extols,
Emblazon'd on our mind recalls,
The guns that echo'd Derry's walls,
By loyal Orangemen.

None we endure, vex, or hate,
True loyal Orangemen.
None we endure, vex, or hate,
Bound to defend our Queen and State,
Our lives for her we'd immolate,
True loyal Orangemen.

Britain's Queen in us confide,
True loyal Orangemen.
Britain's Queen in us confide,
Sacred to her person tied,
'This we'll prove whene'er we're tried,
True loyal Orangemen.

Faithful friend of England's weal,
And loyal Orangemen.
Faithful friend of England's weal,
Was patriotic upright Peel,
But now, alas, he sets his heel
On loyal Orangemen.

Did their constancy shrink from derision and pain?

Shall their faith melt away in the fire?

No!—the flame that they kindled* in death, sacred
glows

In each Patriot Orangeman's breast:

And the demon of Priestcraft recoil'd as it rose

Like a Phoenix—more bright by the test!

COME CHEER UP MY LADS.

Come cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
For true Orange hearts are still strangers to fear,
Our bosoms with honour and loyalty glow,
And fearless we'll march to encounter the foe.

CHORUS.

Oh, still may our flag be with lustre unfurl'd,

Let's always be ready, steady, boys, steady;

And true to ourselves, we'll defy all the world.

The Queen, and the State, and the Laws of this land,
The good constitution our forefathers plan'n'd;
To maintain them we all with one voice should agree,
For while they protect us, old Ireland is free.

Oh, still, &c.

*It is recorded in *Hume's England*, that when Ridley and the venerable Latimer, (two Bishops) were burning at the stake in Smithfield, the latter, encouraging his fellow-sufferer, said, in the agonies of death,—“Be of good cheer, Brother Ridley, for we shall this day light such a flame in England, as I trust in God shall never be extinguished.” And after his body had been consumed, his heart was found entire, an emblem of the constancy with which he died.”

The hand of oppression we never need fear,
 Our laws are the same for the peasant and peer;
 Our house is our castle, our fire-side our throne,
 And each man in old Ireland is sure of his own.
 Oh, still, &c.

Republican frenzy her standard may rear,
 And disloyalty seek to pollute our free air;
 But our swords we'll ne'er sheath till our emerald isle
 From treason redeem'd, shall triumphantly smile.
 Oh, still, &c.

Then drink to the Queen, the State, and the laws,
 With one voice, with one heart, we'll support this good
 cause;
 May the wretch who'd refuse such a toast, never prove,
 The comforts of friendship, or raptures of love.

Oh, ne'er may this flag be with lustre unfurl'd,
 Nor ever prove ready, bold, steady, or ready,
 While we, crown'd with glory defy all the world.

THE ORANGE TREE.

ASSEMBLE, my brothers, assemble and see,
 The pride of Hibernia, a fine Orange Tree;
 The root it is firm, the trunk it is sound,
 And the branches now flourish, o'er old Erin's ground.
 Derry down, down, Rebels, lie down.

It was William the glorious that planted this tree,
 His fostering hand made it just what you see;
 Each branch bearing clusters of right loyal fruit,
 And the heart of each Orange is virtue and truth.
 Derry down, &c.

A set of cursed rebels combin'd to annoy,
 And lop off the branches, the tree to destroy;
 But all their curst schemes can avail them no good,
 As their steel can't be temper'd to cut Orange wood,
 Derry down, &c.

As the oak by the ivy, this tree is entwin'd
 By loyalty, honour, and courage combin'd;
 In the shades of her branches, none e'er shall repose,
 That to Queen, Constitution, and Ireland are foes.
 Derry down, &c.

Whilst the oak we acknowledge our safeguard by sea,
 Our land the bold Orange from rebels will free;
 With the crops' invitation, should Frenchmen comply,
 From pikes tip with Orange their Union shall fly.
 Derry down, &c.

Come now fill your glasses, and drink with applause,
 Our Queen, Constitution, and Protestant boys!
 May all black assassins, wherever they be,
 Meet the fate they deserve till from treason we're free.
 Derry down, &c.

THE INVASION; OR, THE BRITISH WAR SONG.

WHILST happy in our native land,
 So great, so famed in story;
 Let's join, my friends, with heart and hand,
 To raise our country's glory:
 When Britain calls, her valiant sons
 Will rush in crowds to aid her—

Snatch, snatch your musquets, prime your guns,
 And crush the fierce invader!
 Whilst every Briton's song shall be,
 "O, give us death—or victory!"

Long had this favour'd isle enjoy'd
 True comforts past expressing,
 When France her hellish arts employ'd
 To rob us of each blessing:
 These from our hearts by force to tear,
 Which long we've learn'd to cherish
 Our frantic foes shall vainly dare—
 We'll keep 'em, or well perish:
 And every day, our song shall be,
 "O, give us death—or victory!"

Let France in savage accents sing
 Her bloody revolution;
 We prize our country, love our Queen,
 Adore our constitution;
 For these we'll every danger face,
 And quit our rustic labours;
 Our ploughs to firelocks shall give place,
 Our scythes be chang'd to sabres:
 And glad in arms, our song shall be,
 "O, give us death—or victory!"

Soon shall the proud invaders learn,
 When bent on blood and plunder,
 That British bosoms nobly burn
 To brave their cannon's thunder;
 Low lie those heads, whose wily arts
 Have plann'd the world's undoing,
 Our vengeful blades shall reach those hearts,
 Which seek our country's ruin:
 And night and morn, our song shall be,
 "O, give us death—or victory!"

STAND ROUND, MY BRAVE BOYS.

STAND round, my brave boys,
With heart and with voice,
And all in full chorus agree;
We'll fight for our Queen,
And as loyally sing,
And let the world know we'll be free.

CHORUS.

The rebels shall fly,
As with shouts we draw nigh,
And echo shall victory ring;
Then safe from alarms,
We'll rest on our arms,
And chorus it—long live the Queen.
Long live the Queen,
And chorus it—long live the Queen.

With hearts firm and stout,
We'll repel the mad rout,
And follow fair Liberty's call;
We'll rush on the foe,
And deal death in each blow,
'Till conquest and honour crown all.
The rebels, &c.

Then commerce once more
Shall bring wealth to our shore,
And plenty and peace bless the isle;
The peasant shall quaff
Off his bowl with a laugh,
And reap the sweet fruits of his toil;
The rebels, &c.

Kind love shall repay
The fatigues of the day,
And melt us to soften alarms;

Coy Phillis shall burn
At her soldier's return,
And bless the brave youth in her arms.
The rebels, &c.

WHEN PHAROAH REIGN'D ON EGYPT'S THRONE.

AIR—"Rule Britannia."

WHEN Pharoah reign'd on Egypt's throne
And Israel in their chains did groan,
The great I AM to Moses gave command,
To lead them to the Promis'd Land!
And all the proud Egyptian host
Pursuing, in the sea were lost.

So, when oppress'd by Papai pow'r,
With death and plunder ev'ry hour,
The brave King William, prince of Orange-men,
Restor'd us to our rights again.

Hail! mighty William! conq'rour of the Boyne,
Our voices in thy praise we join.

Our constitution we'll maintain,
'Gainst ev'ry foe on land and main;
With loyal hearts both firm and true,
We'll never stain the Orange and Blue;
We love our king, our country, and its laws,
For ever live the Orange Boys!

YE SONS OF THE WISE.

AIR—"Boyne Water."

YE sons of the wise, let your spirits arise,
And scorn the smiles of temptation;

Be courageously true to the Orange and Blue,
They will bring you thro' all tribulation:
Remember the guide that divided the tide,
For Israel's happy protection;
And over their foes made the billows to close,
Because they had no true direction.

In this present year pale death did appear,
To all who would not be united:
But down came the plan they had built on the sand,
And we live to see them sore affrighted:
More cruel by far than the forty-one war,
Was the scheme of this revolution;
But we soon made our foes, by virtue of blows,
Submit to a good constitution.

Our brave British laws, they merit applause,
Since blood purchas'd the reformation;
Our church did not shine till that fortunate time,
That William was king in our nation:
That happy reprieve did thousands relieve,
Who stood for the Protestant glory;
The Orange display'd, soon made James afraid,
And routed each Jacobite tory.

Dear brethren, you know, 'tis a long time ago
Since the Orange was first propagated;
And those who stood true, be they ever so few,
You'll find they were never defeated;
So now let us fight for the cause that is right,
What rebel will dare to oppose us?
We show in the name of the Protestant fame,
And we care not a farthing who knows us.

Our secrets of old we will not unfold,
To people not duly instructed;

Our good Orange cause, mix'd with holy laws,
 By Proprietors of old were conducted;
 And seems to succeed in the time of our need,
 Our numbers are daily increasing;
 The up is pull'd down, and George wears the crown,
 And the croppies like hares are a-chasing.

That brotherly love may never remove
 From the fellowship we have contracted;
 That wisdom may be at each committee,
 A witness to what is transacted;
 Let each Orange-man take a full glass in hand—
 "Here's health to the heart that won't waver,
 "Victoria alone our Queen we will own,
 "And the memory of William for ever."

YOU WILLIAMITES SO TRUE.

AIR—"Cruskeen Lawn."

You Williamites so true,
 Of the Orange and the Blue,
 That dwell in this country all round, round, round,
 O! may they increase,
 And multiply in ev'ry place,
 And join to keep Rebellion down, down, down,
 And join to keep Rebellion down.

The twenty-third of May,
 Was to have been the fatal day,
 To assassinate all friends of the Crown, Crown, Crown,
 But our kind yeomen brave,
 Our country then did save,
 By keeping the Rebellion down, down, down,
 By keeping the Rebellion down.

O! well you may remember
 On the fourth of last November,
 The birth-day of William high in renown, nown, nown,
 What a glorious sight was seen,
 That day in College-green,
 Of them that kept Rebellion down, down, down,
 Of them that kept Rebellion down.

The Crops were so dismay'd,
 When our Orange was display'd
 At our victory they were seen to frown, frown, frown,
 They also stopp'd their ears,
 Being much annoy'd by cheers,
 And the bands playing Croppies lie down, down, down,
 And the bands playing Croppies lie down.

So fill high your glass to him,
 Who made the Crops to swing,
 In villages, in cities, and in town, town, town,
 Lord Camden is his name,
 May he shortly come again,
 To Keep the d—'d Rebellion down, down, down,
 And to keep the d—'d Rebellion down.

WELL MET, MY DEAR FRIENDS.

AIR—"Shaun Buee."

WELL met, my dear friends,
 To the laudible ends
 Of loyalty, mirth, and good humour;
 No men upon earth,
 Since this isle gave us birth,
 So cemented in friendship as we are:

When our loyalty ceases,
 It will be when time pleases,
 And then we must yield, tho' not willing;
 And this was the day,
 Thank God, we can say,
 We were sav'd by our glorious king William.

To one we all owe
 Our existence you know,
 To the Almighty pow'r who supreme is;
 Who beheld from on high,
 With an All-seeing Eye,
 His adopted so cruelly slain was.

To William apply'd,
 And was not deny'd,
 Crying—Make haste, for my sons are a-killing;
 And his troops stout and true,
 All wear Orange and Blue,
 Who fought under glorious king William.

That brave Orange prince,
 None fought like him since,
 Tho' numbers in vain did attempt it;
 And Duke Schomberg too,
 Who lov'd Orange and Blue,
 At the Boyne made the thousands repent it;

He stopt the career
 Of James and Monsieur,
 At the Boyne, Aughrim, and Enniskillen;
 And at this very day,
 Orange-men now can say,
 We were sav'd by the glorious king William.

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Monks, Jesuits, and Friars,
 He soon prov'd to be liars,
 And the Pope too, who sign'd their commission;
 Tho' to him they did pray
 For victory that day,
 As if he had them all in tuition:

But when William came,
 He soon made them run
 To the Pope for to get a fresh drilling;
 And on this very day,
 Orange-men bear the sway,
 And was rais'd by our glorious king William.

THE SONG OF THE LIBERATED.

AIR—"The Groves of Blarney."

OCH! sons of praties—I know how great is
 Your joy to see me resume my sate;
 Did DAN not tell yez—ye loyal-rebellious,
 He'd bother Justices and bilk the State?

Such pleasant quarters they gave us "martyrs,"
 That some of my friends felt inclin'd to stay,
 Else 'twas not in natur, that a *Liberator*
 So long should dwell under lock and kay.

I knew 'twas in yez—to find the "*sineus*
Of war," so long as in "*quod*" I'd lie.
 And DANIEL junior, he in matter pecuniar-y
 Is almost as *takin'* and cute as I.

And thus relying, on him and O'BRIEN,
 At Richmond long I could love to stay,

Wid princely diet, and peace and quiet,
And "sympathisers" and extra pay.

A monster meeting—ye'll be entreating,
To yell in pride, through an idle day,
But I'll make a "preachment," about "impeachment,"
And turn your heads on a smoother way.

Yez must not jostle your great apostle,
Wid ill-timed shoves, to the battle's van,
But wid mouths opening, wid closed eyes gropin,
Let white "thirteen" show your faith in DAN.

I am "agitator," "regenerator,"
"Moral creator," "young Ireland's dad,"
On the nation's nose I've a hold far greater
Than ever a sceptred monarch had.

Mind my instructions, let's have no "ructions,"
But oil your "twigs" wid a peaceful mien,
'Till JOINVILLE whacks on the haughty Saxon!
Hurrah for DAN, and—God save the Queen.

Punch.

COME BRETH'REN WITH UNITED VOICE.

COME breth'ren with united voice
Loud acclamations sing,
Our loyal hearts shall now rejoice
And *these bright walls* shall ring!

Have not our fathers met as we?
Have they not sung such strains?
Can we not read their legacy
In these our own blue veins?

We can—and by these veins we swear,
 Ne'er to pollute the same—
 Our cause is just—let them beware
 Who would that cause defame!

Protestantism, is this our cause!
 We will the same defend—
 Our country, and our country's laws,
 'Till life itself shall end.

Our watchword 'Boyne'—our motto 'peace,'
 The defensive still keep we—
 Then, God will sure our cause increase
 And give us victory. J. G. L.

FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is a time of happiness,
 It is when friends do meet:—
 The hour of pure and social bliss,
 How welcome and how sweet!

When friend meets friend and gives the hand,
 With fervor and delight,
 The heart enlarged doth understand
 Its nobleness aright.

Give me a friend—a friend sincere—
 And O, I'd cherish him,
 I'd from his eye wipe ev'ry tear,
 Or, share it to the brim.

Some say, this earth is friendless—cold,
 And, ay, it may be so—

Some say, the heart as it gets old,
Doth colder get also!

But, ah! it surely cannot be,
That time will e'er efface
My love for thee, or thine for me—
'Tis not in time or place.

Friendship! the heav'n-born descends,
From the pure realms above,
And it is this which makes us friends,
And being friends—we love.

Then, with my heart, I give my hand,
Now, Brother, give me thine,
And, so, whene'er we meet, the band
We'll tighten still with wine. *J. G. L.*

THE COLONIST'S SONG.

Blest be our Country and our Queen!
The pride of loyal men,
We love her whom we ne'er seen,
God bless our Queen!—Amen.

God bless old England! freedom's isle
Will ever England be;
No demagogue with judas smile
Shall ever ruin thee.

God bless her church! her wholesome laws,
And may they ever stand!
From these old England ever draws
Salvation for the Land.

No "Smithfield fires" again shall burn
 The "martyrs" at the stake;
 The noble sons shall never mourn
 Their death for "conscience sake."

For loyal Orangemen and true
 As one together join,
 With Orange, purple, scarlet, blue
 Shout—"William and the Boyne."

Protentous are the "signs" we know,
 But let us active be,
 With lynx-eye watch the wily foe—
 Club-footed popery!

Then, will old Rome, and Rome's old Pope,
 With all their minions too,
 Howl horribly for "lack of hope"
 What else now should they do.

God bless our Country and our Queen
 The pride of kya! men—
 We love her whom we've never seen
 God bless our Queen!—Amen. J. G. L.

THE HOPE.

A Parody on T. Moore.

AIR—The harp that once thro' Tara's halls.

THE pibroch that through Ulster's dells
 Once marshalled William's host,
 Now hangs as mute as Derry's bells
 That erst alarmed the coast.—

So sleeps the prime of loyalty,
 So are their hopes all fled,
 So low'rs our flag 'neath th' Whigs decree,
 And th' green floats in its stead!

No more brave Yeomen rush along,
 Upon high-mettled steeds,
 In courage fierce, in purpose strong,
 And nerved for glorious deeds;
 Dissolved,—their martial spirit gone,
 No more their ranks advance,
 And th' pibroch, that once led them on,
 Now tunes their foemen's dance!

But surely though at *discount* now,
 Fealty once more shall thrive,
 And haughty demagogues shall bow,
 And rebels vainly strive;
 And Freedom's sons shall Freedom greet,
 —Tho' panting still she lives—
 And strike some traitor to her feet
 For every throb she gives! *T. Hill.*

THE PLEASURES OF FRIENDSHIP.

A Parody on T. Moore.

OH! 'tis sweet to think, that, where'er we rove,
 We are sure to find something blissful and dear,
 And that, when afar from the Lodge we love,
 We learn that some other Lodge is near!

The heart, like a tendril, accustom'd to cling,
 Let it grow where it will, cannot flourish alone,
 But will lean to the nearest, and loveliest thing
 It can twine with itself, and make closely its own.

Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be doomed to find something still, that is dear,
 And to know when afar from the Lodge we love,
 We have but to visit some Lodge that is near.

'Twere a shame, when flowers around us rise,
 To make light of the rest, if the rose is not there,
 But how can the tears be driv'n from our eyes,
 Unless we have *brothers* each sorrow to share?—
Love's wing and the Peacock's are nearly the same,
 They are both of them bright but they're changeable
 too;

But friendship stands firm as the pillars of fame,
 When pledged by the gripe of a 'Royal True Blue!'
 Then oh! what pleasure, where'er we rove,
 To be doomed to find something still that is dear,
 And to know, when afar from the Lodge we love,
 We've the *password* to enter some Lodge that is near.

T. Hill.

PARODY ON A WAR SONG BY T. MOORE.

REMEMBER the glories of William the brave,
 Tho' the days of the hero are o'er;
 Tho' lost to old Ulster and cold in the grave,
 He returns to famed Derry no more!
 That star of the field, which so often has poured
 Its beam on the battle, is set;
 But enough of its glory remains on each sword,
 To light us to victory yet!

Oh, Ulster! when nature embellished the tint
 Of thy fields, and thy mountains so fair,
 Did she ever intend that a bigot should print,
 The footstep of Popery there!

No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
 Go, banish the rebels' vain hope;
 For 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at thy shrine,
 Than to bend but an hour to the Pope!

Forget not the Hero who stem'd the Boyne's flood,
 When your ancestors conquered or died,
 While the moss of the valley grew red with their blood,
 Till their foes were swept down with the tide!
 The sun that now blesses our bands with his light,
 Saw their banners sweep over the plain;—
 Oh! let him not blush when he leaves us to-night,
 To find that they conquered in vain! *T. Hill.*

COME, REST IN THIS LODGE.

A Parody on T. Moore.

COME, rest in this Lodge, thou dear friend in distress!
 Misfortune but makes us the closer to press.
 Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
 And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last.

Oh! what were our friendship, if 'tis not the same
 Thro' joy and thro' torment, through glory and shame?
 As brethren we know there's to guilt in thy heart,
 And as brethren we'll love thee when all else depart!

Thou hast shared our enjoyment in moments of bliss,
 And we'll now be thy guardians, 'mid the horrors of
 this;
 Thro' the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps we'll pur-
 sue,
 And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!
T. Hill.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

A Parody on one of Moore's.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
 Ere Peel and the Duke betrayed her,
 When crushed were the rebel hosts so bold,
 And repelled was the French invader.
 Then the Orange and Blue, with the red unfurled,
 Led loyal hearts to danger,
 And silenced for years was each tongue that hurled
 On Saxons th' name of "stranger!"

On Lough Foyle's banks as the fisherman strays,
 At evening alone in his wherry,
 His heart shall be warmed with thoughts of the days,
 When the Dartmouth sailed up to old Derry!
 May that City's example still make each heart stout,
 As her sons who then died to defend her;
 And each Protestant list 'neath the flag they hung out,
 Inscribed with the words "No Surrender!"

T. Hill.

HOW DEAR TO ME THE HOUR.

A Parody on T. Moore.

How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
 And sunbeams melt along the sombre strand;
 For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
 When I have watched them in another land.

And when unto my own dear Lodge I hie,
 And see the Brethren in their colours deck'd,
 Kind memory brings back—while heaves a sigh—
 My native land, by Papist tenets wreck'd.—*T. Hill.*

PARODY ON ONE OF T. MOORE'S SONGS.

ERIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes,
 Blend like the rainbow that hangs in the skies!
 Shining through sorrow's stream,
 Saddening through pleasure's beam,
 Thy suns with doubtful gleam,
 Weep while they rise!

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease;
 Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase
 Till Popery's decline;
 When, kneeling at one shrine,
 All say "My God is thine!
 Worship in Peace!" T. Hill.

 SUBLIME WAS THE WARNING.

A Parody on T. Moore.

SUBLIME was the warning that Liberty spoke,
 And grand was the hour when our fathers awoke
 Into life and revenge from the bigot's foul chain!
 Oh Liberty! let not the spirit have rest,
 Till it move like a breeze, o'er the waves of the west—
 Give the light of your look to each sorrowing spot,
 Nor, oh! be the Lily of Erin forgot,
 Till 'tis freed from oppression and Popery's stain!

If the fame of our fathers bequeathed with their rights,
 Give to country its charms, and to home its delights,
 If neglect be a wound, and suspicion a stain;
 Then Orangemen, deep the insult that was given,
 When by Tories deserted, by Whiggish laws riven!

But a truce to these thoughts—it was *sleep*, but not
death,
 And our sighs shall be turned into victory's breath,
 For the Lily has, Phoenix-like, risen again!

You emigrant Orangemen, who have resigned
 The green hills of your youth, among strangers to find
 That repose which, at home, you had sighed for in
 vain,

Join, join in our hope that the flame which we light,
 Reflected afar may soon burn clear and bright;
 And forgive e'en the Whigs if that act be their last,
 And like truants ashamed, they atone for the past
 By fostering the Lily, which now blooms again.

God prosper the cause!—oh! it cannot but thrive,
 While the pulse of one Protestant heart is alive,
 Its devotion to feel, and its rights to maintain;
 And oh! if we martyrs must have, when they die,
 The finger of Glory shall point where they lie;
 While their spirits to Heaven shall surely ascend,
 For RELIGION a passport will furnish each friend;—
 And the Lily and Rose never more shall be twain.
T. Hill.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE SHUTTING OF THE GATES OF DERRY.

AIR—"Siege of Carrickfergus."

WHEN the struggle for freedom took place in our nation,
 Which long had been trampled by bigoted sway,
 The brave men of Derry, for self preservation,
 Made fast their strong Gates on this threat'ning day.
 Though cowards might tremble and traitors dissemble,
 Those heroes stood forward all gallant and true,

Foul thralldom for ever from Erin to sever,
 And up went their standard of Orange and Blue.
 Oh! fair Londonderry, it makes my heart merry,
 To look at your Walls rising over the Foyle;
 May no Whig or Tory, despising your glory,
 Your sons or your daughters of honour despoil.

Then loudly their war-cry o'er Ulster resounded,
 And called forth the Protestant chiefs of our land,
 Who, with zeal patriotic, and courage unbounded,
 On the Foyle for their freedom determined to stand
 Then Mount-Alexander, that noble commander,
 With Skiffington, Rawden, and Blaney so brave,
 Despising alarms, came down here in arms,
 Our liberty, laws, and religion to save.
 Oh! fair Londonderry, &c.

George Walker and Murray rode here in a hurry,
 With Saunderson, Cairnes, and Noble, renown'd,
 Stout Canning and Rawson, with Downing and Dawson,
 Unmov'd on their post here in Derry were found;
 With Knoxes and Rosses, Hills, Grahams, and Crosses,
 And Beresford brave, from the town of Coleraine,
 Dunbars, Halls, and Rices, with Blairs, Brookes, and
 Prices,
 All fac'd the proud foe with a noble disdain.
 Oh! fair Londonderry, &c.

Bold Mitchelburn, Baker, and Macky, unbending,
 Held out, through all danger, our rights to maintain,
 Resolving to die for their freedom contending,
 Before the vile tyrant should over them reign.
 To gain us our charters, they bled like true martyrs,
 Regardless of fear, though by numbers assail'd;
 Because they confided in him that divided
 The waters which over proud Pharaoh prevail'd.
 Oh! fair Londonderry, &c.

From ancient Dungannon, with horsemen and cannon,
 Came Chichester brave, as Sir Arthur of old,
 The Moores, from old Augher, the Mervyns, from
 Clogher,

To Derry flock'd in with their soldi and gold.
 From rich Limavady, to puzzle poor
 Came Phillips, who fought in the one,
 Through fair and foul weather they together,
 'Till James was knock'd up and a were
 gone.

Oh! fair Londonderry, &c.

Thus heaven protected these heroes undaunted,
 Who fought and who bled in religion's bright cause,
 And gain'd for the nation what long had been wanted,
 A free Constitution and Protestant laws.

From bondage for ever our Isle they did sever,
 Oh! may we, like them, be decided and true;

May liberty flourish, and loyalty nourish

The principles sound of an honest TRUE BLUE.

Oh! fair Londonderry, it makes my heart merry

To look at your Walls rising over the Foyle;

May no Whig or Tory, despising your glory,

Your sons or your daughters of honour despoil.

R. Young.

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE LANDING
 OF KING WILLIAM THE THIRD, ON THE
 5TH NOVEMBER, 1688.

AIR—"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

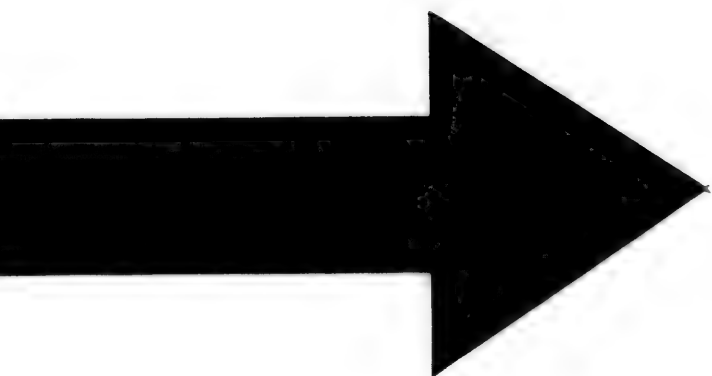
BRITONS brave for evermore.

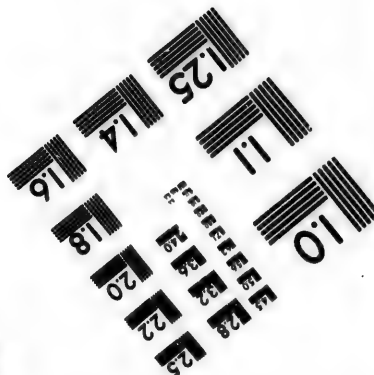
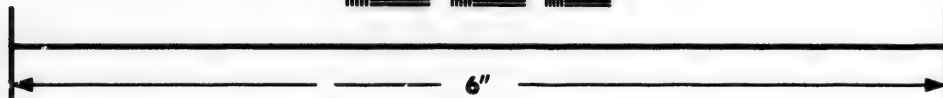
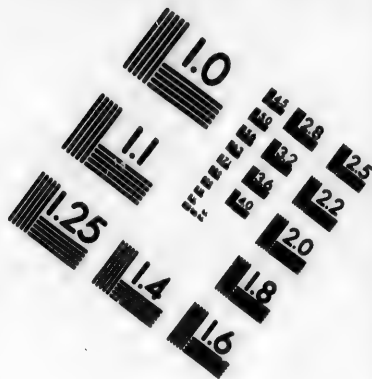
Let your thund'ring cannon roar,

On the day when to your shore

The Prince of Orange came;







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From Rome's foul chains to set you free,
He came with Lords of high degree,
'Twas he restor'd your liberty,
Your honour and your fame.

Oh! why should we ungrateful be,
To William's "Glorious Memory,"
When each revolving day we see,
But proves his worth the more.
The crafty foe 's at work again,
Our sacred altars to profane,
Upon our land to bring a stain,
And drench it with our gore.

Our lawful rights the tyrant James
Assail'd, by force and subtle schemes,
While bigots fierce to kindle flames,
In Smithfield stood prepar'd;
To drive religion from the land,
They rais'd again a threat'ning hand,
When William, with his gallant band,
Their trembling master scar'd.

Affrighted James, in wild despair,
A victim to corroding care,
Fled off, by night, to France, and there
Obtain'd the wish'd for aid.
With Gaul's proud troops, for Erin's isle
He sail'd, resolv'd, by force or guile,
To make us on his project smile,
And Britain's crown degrade.

But Londonderry, with a frown,
Receiv'd the King without a crown,
And put him and his army down,
Upon the Foyle's fair side.

A shot, sent from her lofty Wall,
Soon made him all his guards recall,
And back to old St. Johnston fall,
With deeply wounded pride.

Fair Enniskillen stoutly stood,
Like Holland's banks against the flood,
Until her heroes, drench'd in blood,
No living foe could find :
Strong Carrickfergus yielded then,
In mountain, moor, and shady glen,
No force withstood Duke Schomberg's men,
With Derry boys combin'd.

At length upon green Antrim's plain,
King William landed with his train,
When all resistance proving vain,
The tyrant's forces fled:
Crowds in flight we then might see,
From Lagan's banks to proud Ardee,
While Britons, undismay'd and free,
Held high their standard red.

Come now, my boys, in chorus join,
And sing the glories of the Boyne,
Where wooden shoes and brazen coin
Felt freedom's fatal blow ;
While James aloof in terror stood,
King William cross'd the foaming flood,
And then, while flow'd his royal blood,
Pursued the flying foe.

Great Ginckle's troops reduced Athlone,
On Aughrim's hills his valour shone,
Where Rome's last hopes were overthrown,
And fell, to rise no more ;

Then let not Pope or Pagan say,
 That we shall e'er forget the day,
 When William came to drive away
 The tyrant from our shore.—*R. Young.*

FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.

AIR—"Boyne Water."

HAIL! dawn of freedom, brightest day
 In Erin's martial pages,
 Thy lustre sheds a glorious ray,
 And shall through future ages;
 On thee the Prince of Orange brave,
 From Gallic usurpation,
 Which aim'd our country to enslave,
 Preserved this Irish nation.

The despot James, with tyrant hand,
 Our charters abrogated,
 And Rome's religion in the land
 Would soon have reinstated;
 Fierce persecution raged around,
 While savage innovators,
 Who made destruction dire abound,
 Were Erin's legislators.

The patriotic flame that fired
 With dauntless resolution
 Fair Ulster's sons, whose deeds conspir'd
 To crown the Revolution,
 Had strove in vain to break the chain
 Of tyranny asunder,
 Had William not through battle hot
 Directed Britain's thunder.

AL
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TTLE

And many a hero fell that day
 At Boyne's immortal river,
 From domineering Papal sway
 To set us free forever;
 To emulate their actions great,
 Led by their bright example;
 Let us prepare, should foemen dare,
 Upon our rights to trample.

Full soon the jar of civil war
 May shake the British nation,
 When Whigs untrue, too late will rue
 Their cringing legislation;
 The Orange band, for faith and land
 On heavenly aid depending,
 Then firm must join, as at the Boyne,
 And fight with hearts unbending.

Though gloomy clouds at present lower
 Around our Constitution,
 As in Tyrconnell's day of power
 Before the Revolution;
 The statesmen base who would efface
 Our laws, by bigots aided,
 May also fail now to prevail,
 And skulk from place degraded.

R. Young.

AN ADDRESS TO ERIN.

AIR—"Exile of Erin."

ALAS, lovely Erin, still torn and distracted
 By dark superstition and bigotry's reign,
 To think of the scenes that in you have been acted,
 Creates indignation and heart-rending pain.

Crimes on a scale far beyond calculation,
 O'er the land spread disaster and wild devastation,
 While Christians are doom'd to a prompt extirpation,
 When Rome, guilty Rome, blows the trumpet for
 war.

In Munster assassins in league are united,
 The laws to resist and confusion create,
 By Priests of sedition to outrage excited,
 To bring back the horrors of dark Ninety-eight ;
 The teacher of truth to his mansion returning,
 Meets bigots, with thirst for his blood fiercely burn-
 ing,
 Who stone him to death, his entreaties all spurning,
 While Rome, guilty Rome, blows the trumpet for
 war.

If o'er years gone by, retrospective we ponder,
 If we look to the records on history's page,
 We cannot but feel detestation, and wonder
 At Rome, guilty Rome's more than heathenish rage:
 Pikes with blood reeking, and fierce midnight blazes,
 In fancy arise, and intense horror seizes
 The mind as it backward reluctantly gazes,
 When Rome, guilty Rome, blew the trumpet for
 war.

To what fatal source can we trace the disasters
 Of Europe, broad Europe, for centuries three ?
 To proud Priests of Rome aiming still to be masters,
 And rule over kingdoms resolv'd to be free ;
 Hence plots without end through the nations extended,
 The faggot prevail'd, and society rended,
 Pope's Monarchs degraded, and armies contended,
 When Rome, guilty Rome, blew the trumpet for
 war.

Oh! when shall this blood-stain'd destroyer give over
 Exciting rebellion, destruction, and woe,
 And all Erin's sons and fair daughters discover
 That Popery still is their most cruel foe:
 Then love, peace, and plenty, complacently smiling,
 Would bless our green fields, man to man reconciling,
 Fell discord would cease, and all party reviling,
 And Rome here no more blow the trumpet of war.

R. Young.

A PATRIOTIC PARODY ON AN IRISH
 MELODY.

AIR—"The Vale of Avoca."

OH! there's not in the wide world an empire or state
 Like the green isles of Erin, and Britain the Great;
 And the last rays of feeling, and life shall depart,
 E're the love of those Islands shall fade from my heart.

It is not that nature sheds over each scene
 Her purest of crystal and fairest of green,
 Nor is it the beauty of valley or hill,
 Oh no, it is something more exquisite still.

'Tis that sons and fair daughters of freedom are here,
 Who make ev'ry dear scene of enchantment more dear,
 Who of all nations round them are still known to prove
 The firmest in friendship, most constant in love.

When millions in Europe despairing of rest,
 In silence bow'd down—by a tyrant oppress,
 The chiefs of great Britain—and Erin sent forth,
 Their war-cry to raise the bold sons of the North.

The sons of the North at the signal appear'd,
 Whilst boldly the standard of Freedom we rear'd,
 And with hosts of bold heroes, advanc'd on our foes,
 To fight, bleed, and conquer, for Europe's repose.

Sweet isle of the ocean, how calm could I rest,
 In some bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
 When the broils that divide and distract us shall cease,
 And our banners wave mingled in splendor and peace.
Rev. J. Graham.

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE DUKE OF YORK AND ALBANY.

AIR—"Roy's Wife of Aldevalloch."

OPPRESS'D with unavailing grief,
 Britannia now her harp may shiver;
 The gallant York—of soldiers chief—
 An Arrow wounds from death's dark quiver:
 An omen sad of wrath divine,
 For sin a nation proud besetting,
 Above all others rais'd to shine,
 And yet the ruler great forgetting.
 Oh hapless empire! to despise
 The mighty hand your glory crowning,
 And bring down anger from the skies,
 In just resentment awful frowning.

Though vested in supreme command,
 York bore the toils of war undaunted,
 And to protect our happy land,
 The soldier's life he shared contented;
 True fortitude inspired his breast,
 Benign, compassionate, and tender,

Though oft in battle closely prest,
 His word was Derry's "No Surrender."
 Departed hero, thy great name
 Shall long embellish martial pages,
 And blazon'd on the rolls of fame,
 Thy deeds shall shine in future ages.

And foremost in the ranks of truth,
 He education's cause promoted,
 And to instruct the orphan youth,
 His care and treasure both devoted.
 The soldier's friend, the widow's stay,
 Support and shield in times distressing,
 His deeds of worth each passing day,
 Proud enemies themselves confessing.
 For still consistent, firm, and brave,
 Serenely wise and tender hearted,
 The realm from ruin he would save,
 And disaffected traitors thwarted.

His voice all loyal hearts reviv'd,
 And stemm'd the tide of resolution;
 Proud demagogues, while he surviv'd,
 In vain assail'd the Constitution;
 But like his Royal Sire, rever'd,
 When statesmen thought their plans completed,
 Soon to the senate he repair'd,
 And their destructive bill defeated.
 His word soon hush'd sedition's roar,
 And Whigs and Radicals confounded,
 While his applause, from shore to shore,
 In strains of grateful joy resounded.

Hail! dauntless Prince, though far remov'd
 From earthly scenes that pass and perish,
 The land thy Royal Highness lov'd,
 Thy memory will ever cherish,

May Kings again in Britain reign,
 And like thy sire adorn their station,
 Oh! may we see some Prince like thee,
 Arise to save our sinking nation.
 Farewell, oh York! renown'd and great,
 Long shall thy loss keen pangs awaken;
 Oh ne'er from us, by cruel fate,
 Was kinder, braver hero taken.

R. Young.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. ELIZABETH GRAHAM,
 OF MAGILLIGAN, ON HEARING HER
 PLAY ON THE PIANO, SURROUND-
 ED BY HER FAMILY

ARR—"Black-eyed Susan."

WELL may the bard this life enjoy
 Who is with such a partner blest;
 Should cares a while his mind annoy,
 At home they soon are hushed to rest.
 Such charming sounds your music can impart.
 As animate and cheer the troubled heart.

Should grief or public wrongs bear away,
 And o'er his soul dominion hold,
 These melting tones make all give way,
 Till every feeling is controll'd.
 The wiry strings you strike with magic skill
 And all our hearts with rich enjoyment thrill.

Your notes for Derry's tale of woe,
 Heroic strains of "Auld lang syne,"
 In melody enchanting flow,
 And add fresh fervour to each line.

Sweet is the chorus when all round you join
To sing the deathless glories of the Boyne.

Sprung from a house in Erin's Isle,
For worth in ancient times long known,
Around you now in beauty smile,
A race well worthy of your own.
Cornelia's blessings fourfold have been thine;
May they like pearls of precious value shine.

Let others boast their titles high,
'Too oft by servile means attain'd,
'Tis yours to dry the weeper's eye,
And soothe the soul by anguish pain'd.
Beyond the reach of want or envy plac'd,
And with a blithe domestic circle grac'd.

May blooming health, contentment sweet,
And length of honour'd days be thine,
Like Mary at her Master's feet,
Reposing safe in life's decline. [more,
And may both you and yours, when time's no
With joyful voice the Saviour's name adore.

THE KING OF THE EMERALD ISLAND.

(From the Wilts and Gloucestershire Standard.)

AIR—"The King of the Cannibal Islands."

PRIEST—SOLUS.

COME, all ye geese of Peter's flock,
Who worship idol, stone, and stock,
Your purses you must now unlock
For the King of the Emerald Island.

Because his mother had a drama—
 St. Patrick's wife, St. Shula, came,
 And said—"Hold up, my jolly dame,
 You shall produce a man of fame,
 Like a scorpion arm'd in mail,
 Or a glow worm of the vale,
 His sting and his lustre will be in the tail
 Of the King of the Emerald Island.

CHORUS OF PRIESTS.

Lying, swaggering, bullying Dan,
 You're the lad to lay a plan
 To "pin the pence" of the ragged man,
 Oh! King of the Emerald Island.

PRIEST.

He'll bring mighty things to pass,
 Break Church and Queen like bottle glass,
 And turn all Protestants to Mass,
 This King of the Emerald Island.
 Ave Marias by the score
 These heretics will shortly roar,
 And thump their craws till they are sore,
 And holy water on them pour;
 And prostrate on their knees they'll fall,
 And worship saints in the chapel hall,
 And thus be made good Christians all,
 By the King of the Emerald Island.
 Lying, swaggering, &c.

Full two thousand priests and more
 "Tribute" from their altars roar,
 The begging-box is at the door
 For the King of the Emerald Island. [well
 Come down with your dust or we'll curse you
 By book, by candle, and by bell,
 And send you packing off pell-mell,
 For a place one would not like to tell.

Och! you shall never die in peace,
 For we'll withhold the holy grace,
 Unless the rhino down you place,
 For the King of the Emerald Island.
 Lying, swaggering, &c.

Scores of boys, true lads of wax,
 With oaken cudgels and sturdy backs,
 Stand to gather in your tax.

Oh! King of the Emerald Island.
 Pounds a-piece for suits of clothes,
 Half-a-crown from men with shoes,
 Shillings from all naked toes,
 Sixpences from *breechless beaux*.
 Beggarman put down your bag,
 Come until your rotten rag
 Can produce a copper mag.
 For the King of the Emerald Island.
 Lying, swaggering, &c.

BEGGARMAN—SOLUS.

Oh! Father Pat, do you not see
 I'm up to my neck in poverty;
 He never did any good for me,
 This King of the Emerald Island.
 With cold and hunger I'm almost dead,
 My cash, barrin this old rap, is fled—
 My children are crying out for bread,
 And I've not a praty to put in their head.

PRIEST.

Come down with your dust, and none of your
 groans,
 Or I'll mark your door with "Death's head
 and cross bones,"

And rattle your ribs with sticks and stones,
 For the King of the Emerald Island
 Lying, swaggering, &c.

Thus fifteen thousand pounds a-year,
 This sturdy mendicant doth clear,
 With many a curse and many a tear,
 For the King of the Emerald Island.
 And thus he fills his money bags
 From destitution and from rags.
 And thus their lonely copper mags
 From fellow-beggarmen he drags.
 Then let each pious candidate,
 Who hopes in Heaven to have a seat,
 Put down his money on the plate,
 For the King of the Emerald Island.
 Lying, swaggering, &c.

THE MAIDEN CITY.

(By Charlotte Elizabeth.)

AIR—"Le Petit Tambour."

WHERE Foyle his swelling waters
 Rolls northward to the main,
 Here, Queen of Erin's daughters,
 Fair Derry fixed her reign:
 A holy temple crowned her,
 And commerce graced her street,
 A rampart wall was round her,
 The river at her feet;
 And here she sat alone, boys,
 And, looking from the hill,
 Vow'd the Maiden on her throne, boys,
 Would be a Maiden still.

From Antrim crossing over,
In famous eighty-eight,
A plumed and belted lover
Came to the Ferry Gate:
She summon'd to defend her
Our sires—a beardless race—
They shouted **NO SURRENDER!**
And slamm'd it in his face.
Then in a quiet tone, boys,
They told him 'twas their will
That the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Should be a Maiden still.

Next, crushing all before him,
A kingly wooer came,
(The royal banner o'er him,
Blushed crimson deep for shame;)
He show'd the Pope's commission,
Nor dream'd to be refused,
She pitied his condition,
But begg'd to stand excused;
In short, the fact is known, boys,
She chased him from the hill,
For the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Would be a Maiden still.

On our brave sires descending,
Twas then the tempest broke,
Their peaceful dwellings rending,
'Mid blood, and flame, and smoke.
That hallow'd grave-yard yonder,
Swells with the slaughter'd dead,
Oh, brothers, pause and ponder,
It was for us they bled;
And while their gift we own, boys—
The fane that tops our hill,

Oh the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Shall be a Maiden still.

Nor wily tongue shall move us,
Nor tyrant arm affright,
We'll look to One above us,
Who ne'er forsook the right;
Who will, may crouch and tender
The birthright of the free,
But, brothers, No SURRENDER,
No compromise for me!
We want no barrier stone, boys,
No gates to guard the hill,
Yet the Maiden on her throne, boys,
Shall be a Maiden still.

THE SUBMISSION OF AN ORANGEMAN.

(By Charlotte Elizabeth.)

AIR—"Boyne Water."

WE'VE furl'd the banner that wav'd so long
Its sunny folds around us;
We've still'd the voice of our ancient song,
And burst the tie that bound us.
No, no, that tie, that sacred tie,
Cannot be loos'd or broken;
And thought will flash from eye to eye,
Though ne'er a word be spoken.

Go, raze old Derry's tell-tale Wall—
Bid Enniskillen perish:
Choke up the Boyne—abolish all
That we too fondly cherish;
'Twill be but as the pruning knife
Us'd by a skilful master,

To concentrate the sap of life,
And fix the strong root faster.

We love the throne—oh! deep you planned
The hateful will to prove us!
But firm in loyal truth we stand—
The Queen shall know and love us.
When William came to free the isle
From galling chains that bound her,
Our fathers built, beneath his smile,
This living rampart round her.

Ye've ta'en the outer crust away,
But, secret strength supplying,
A spirit, shrined within the clay,
Lives quenchless and undying—
A sparkle from the hallow'd flame
Of our insulted altars,
Pure as the source whence first it came,
Our love nor fades nor falters.

Our love to thee, dear injured land,
By mocking foes derided;
Our duteous love to the royal hand,
By traitorous craft misguided.
Banner, and badge, and name alone,
At our Monarch's call we tender;
The loyal truth that guards her throne
We'll keep—and No Surrender!

O'CONNELL'S LAMENTATION FOR IRELAND.

AIR—"Molly Astore."

OH, Erin! with a throbbing heart
I mourn thy fallen state;

How poor and wretched now thou art,
Though once both free and great:
Accurs'd be that Pope's fatal Bull,
That brought King Henry o'er,
And gave that tyrant leave to pull
Sweet freedom from thy shore.

And well I recollect the date,
Which makes my blood to boil,
When England's hostile troops, elate,
First press'd thy fertile soil,
And by their skill and bravery
Soon made of thee their own,
Which ever since, in slavery,
Has caus'd thy sons to groan.

'Tis true, our forefathers of old,
With famous Brian Boru,
Engag'd the Danes with courage bold,
And did their hosts subdue;
Yet those triumphant Britons vile,
Six hundred years and more,
Have tyranniz'd o'er thee lov'd Isle,
Nor would our rights restore.

And when against them we rebell'd,
And fought them foul and fair,
Still by the sword they us compell'd
Their galling yoke to bear;
Though we of them, in Forty-one,
Two hundred thousand slew,
By Cromwell we were overthrown,
And forc'd for peace to sue.

Our hopes then fled till good King James
Obtain'd the British Crown,

Who strove to grant us all our claims,
 And raise us to renown;
 But Orange William, with his train,
 Expell'd him from the throne,
 And at the Boyne and Anghrim's plain,
 The day prov'd all his own.

This sad event destroy'd our aim
 At ruling Church and State,
 Then on the ruins of our name
 Usurpers became great,
 And with them feuds and broils increased,
 Peace vanish'd from the land,
 While those who over us were plac'd
 Rul'd with an iron hand.

Though now we have obtain'd our Bill,
 Which long we sought in vain,
 Old Erin wants her Senate still,
 And native Kings to reign;
 And while the Orangemen survive,
 To guard the British throne,
 For this, alas! we need not strive,
 ♦ Their valour's too well known.

R. Young.

PROTECT THY BRITAIN'S FAVOURED ISLE.

O THOU, of all, the sov'reign Lord,
 Our altars to thy name we raise;
 A name by worlds unknown ador'd,
 Of gratitude we hymn thy praise.
 O still beneath thy fostering smile,
 Protect thy Britain's favour'd isle.

While ravag'd realms no more rejoice,
 Whose hills with sounds of horror ring :
 Of Peace we hear the dove-like voice,
 Defended by her guardian wing.
 O still beneath thy fost'ring smile,
 Protect thy Britain's favour'd isle.

From realms where mounts the orb of day,
 To those that see his setting beam,
 Our Britain holds a glorious sway,
 Of Fame's loud trump the constant theme,
 O still beneath thy fost'ring smile,
 Protect thy Britain's favour'd isle.

R. Young.

OCCASIONED BY THE PASSING OF THE
 REFORM BILL.

AIR—"Blue bonnets over the border."

BRITAIN, thy treacherous foes have at length pre-
 vail'd.

Glory and peace from thy shores have departed.

Thy Legislature, by turbulent mobs assail'd

Basely surrender'd and prov'd rotten hearted.

How could the sons of those who often crush'd their
 foes,

Shrink from the conflict, by tumult affrighted,

Had they but stood their ground, as did their sires re-
 nown'd,

Foemen in vain had against thee united.

Rouse, rouse, freemen arouse from sleep

Rally, indignant, repel the invaders;

Suffer not traitors your charters away to sleep,

Though should a Melbourne be chief of their
 leaders.

Trappists and Jesuits, monks of the vilest grade,
 Wicked inciters to bloodshed and treason,
 Settled in Erin pursue agitation's trade,
 War and rebellion to cause in due season.
 Hence, in the open day, Whitefeet the loyal slay,
 Tithes are resisted, and rapine extended;
 To wield pike and musket bright, ruffains are drill'd
 by night,
 Marshall'd and train'd for the slaughter intended.
 Rouse, rouse, freemen arouse from sleep, &c.

Protestants, rouse, and no longer unmov'd behold,
 By Whiggish rulers your freedom invaded,
 Stand for the rights which your forefathers gain'd of
 old,
 Else shall your offspring be robb'd and degraded;
 Witness those schools profound, where Scripture truths
 abound,
 By them depriv'd of their public donation,
 While to support Maynooth, pois'ner of Popish youth,
 Thousands are voted without hesitation.
 Rouse, rouse, freemen arouse from sleep, &c.
R. Young.

TYRONE.

Inscribed to James Lowry, Esq., of Rochdale.

AIR—"Garryowen."

WOULD you wish to find friends that are faithful and
 true,
 Devoted through life to the Orange and Blue,
 Would you seek for stout friends to the Altar and
 Throne,
 Come down to the lads of the County Tyrone ;

Surrounded by Derry, by Antrim, and Down,
By Fermanagh renowned for her love of the Crown,
By Cavan, Armagh, and by Monaghan brave,
We're here to defy both the tyrant and slave.

Would you wish to find friends that are faithful
and true,

Devoted through life to the Orange and Blue,
Would you seek for stout friends to the Altar and
Throne,

Come down to the lads of the County Tyrone.

When Philemy Roe with his rebels broke out,
The lads of the Lagan soon put him to rout,
Old Leslie then left his episcopal stall,
And hunted the rabble from fair Donegal;
Oh loud was the shriek and the cry and the roar,
As they ran for their lives through wild Barneasmore,
And hundreds in heaps in the valleys lay low,
While the victors marched back to the fort of Raphoe.

Would you wish to find friends, &c.

When James, with his minions and frog-eaters vile,
Would banish the Bible from Erin's green isle—
When cruel Rosen, in calamitous year,
With thousands around him to Derry came near,
Tyrone turned out with her Walker so brave,
The fair cause of truth and of freedom to save;
Knockmaphy sent Cairnes to Derry so true,
And down went the flag of the bigoted crew.

Would you wish to find friends, &c.

The blood that then boiled in the Derry-men's veins,
In the heart of their sons in full vigour remains;
Though Lundys we find false to country and creed,
Our Walkers in worth and in numbers exceed.
For one that in fight on the banks of the Boyne
The standard of William did valiantly join,

Full ten would turn out in the battle to stand,
That soon must be fought for our lives and our land.
Would you wish to find friends, &c.

Rev. John Graham.

ON THE REVIVAL OF ORANGEISM.

AIR—"Nancy Dawson."

COME let us meet in love and glee,
Ye Orange brethren, bold and free,
And toast in bumpers 'three times three'

The Orange Institution.

May it again triumphant stand,
The shield of this our lovely land,
In spite of that malignant band,
Who hate our Constitution.

Then let us meet, &c.

Think on the year of 'Ninety-eight,'
When thousands rose against the State,
What did their sanguine hopes defeat?

The Orange Institution.

For in defence of Britain's Crown,
Our Orange yeomen of renown
Put the insulting rebels down,
And saved our Constitution.

Soon as the Orange system spread
The popish persecution fled,
And disaffection hid her head,

Check'd by our Institution.

Peace was restor'd to this fair Isle,
Secur'd by Freedom's cheering smile,
Thus Orangemen, from traitors vile,
Preserv'd our Constitution.

To counteract, by valour sound,
 All hostile plots that might abound,
 Brave Verner did most wisely found
 The Orange Institution.
 Erected on a basis sure,
 To keep us and our rights secure,
 And guard from foes, of faith impure,
 The Crown and Constitution.
 Then let us meet, &c.

R. Young.

A SONG FOR THE YEOMEN.

AIR—"There was a jolly miller once."

A BRAVE and jolly yeoman long
 Lived on the river Foyle,
 When work was throng, a simple song
 Beguil'd his daily toil:
 This was the burthen of that song,
 And ever used to be,
 "My Queen, though all the world goes wrong,
 Shall find a friend in me."
 This was the burthen of that song, &c.

In Ninety-eight, when Erin's state
 Was bad as bad could be;
 When rebels rose, and England's foes
 Cried loud for liberty;
 The yeoman, then, while other men
 Shook in their shoes for fear,
 Undaunted stood and shed his blood,
 Triumphant through the year.
 This was the burthen of his song, &c.

O where! O where! while dull despair
 Was stalking through the land,
 Were all the prigs, the brainless Whigs,
 Who now assume command?
 Some quail'd at home, some fought for Rome,
 And others ran away:
 While yeomen brave, the land to save,
 Fought on and gained the day.
 This was the burthen of their song, &c.

And as the gallant yeoman then
 Stood forward for the throne,
 With loyal men he'll stand again,
 And slavery disown.
 For freeman's right undaunted fight,
 While traitors bite the ground;
 To England's laws and William's cause
 For ever faithful found.
 This was the burthen of his song, &c.
R. Young.

ON THE PRESENT POSTURE OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

AIR—"The Wounded Hussar."

THE glory of England, (the greatest of nations,)
 Her strength and dominion, seems passing away;
 Her statesmen, by yielding to Rome's innovations,
 Have placed in her bosom the seeds of decay.
 Throughout the wide world rever'd was her name,
 While Protestant rights were upheld by her laws;
 No more can she now a pre-eminence claim,
 Or win by her councils the meed of applause.

In Erin O'Connell, with fierce resolution,
 Harangues for Repeal, while the Priests round him
 stand,
 Exciting the Popeamen to wild revolution,
 The kingdom to rend, and with blood drench the
 land.

The Viceroy, meanwhile, who should govern our Isle,
 Permits vile sedition uncheck'd to extend—
 Then, Protestants true, it devolves upon you
 Your country, the Altar, and Throne to defend.

Should France with invasion our peaceful shores
 threaten,

And Rebels arise, as in dark Ninety-eight,
 The Gauls by our bold British tars would be beaten,
 And Protestant valour would treason defeat.

Fair liberty here we too deeply revere,
 To let Rome once more an ascendancy gain;
 Her deeds in the day she in Britain held away,
 Foreshadow the blood that would flow in her reign.

R. Young.

THE BEGGING BOX.

Of all the trades that's in the land
 A begging is the best,
 For by the begging business
 I've filled my money chest;
 And when my chest is emptied,
 In spite of wind or rain,
 I'll resume my trade of begging,
 And replenish it again.

CHORUS—With my locomotive begging box
 I travel many a mile,—
 My all-productive begging box—
 O, I can beg in style!

I am a lordly beggarman,
 I've plenty cash to spare;
 I've understrapping beggarman
 A-begging everywhere,
 I do just as I like, while those
 Without reward or fee,
 Raise contributions through the land
 And send them all to me.

I shout aloud "no tithes!" and I
 Vociferate "Repeal!"
 Pitch Protestants and Parsons,
 And Proctors to the De'il.
 The people take the bait, and then
 Delighted with my cant,
 They fill with cash my begging-box—
 The very thing I want.

Whilst Orangemen I flatter, saying
 They need not fear *repale*,
 Unto the Roman Catholics
 I tell another tale;
 The *clergy* quite delighted, all
 Commend me to their flocks,
 And in their very chapels hand
 About my begging-box!

They talk about my taking place,
 And serving *Government*,
 But the de'il a place I'll ever take,
 While I can get the *rint*!
 But if I fail to humbug, and
 The people get some sense,
 Small blame to me, I'll turn *myself*
 To those who have the *pence*!

Now to conclude, good people, Dan
 O'Connell here I am!
 For Tory, Whig, or Radical
 I do not care a d——n;
 But to overload my begging-box,
 I manage friend and foe,
 So fare you well at present,
 For a-begging I must go.

YE FREE ORANGEMEN.

AIR—"Vicar and Moses."

YE free Orangemen,
 I have taken my pen,
 Your exalted science to praise;
 Your motto is true,
 And the purple and blue,
 Love and peace in each bosom must raise.
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

In the Scriptures' record,
 Our mysteries and word
 Beam forth with a lustre divine;
 And each free Orangeman
 That regards the right plan,
 With a gracious refulgence doth shine.
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

Thro' the annals of fame,
 All ages proclaim
 That the laurel to vict'ry is due;
 'Tis ours, for on earth,
 What can boast of such birth,
 As the bright Orange, Purple and Blue?
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

From bondage we came,
And pass'd Jordan's stream,
Conducted by an heavenly hand;
And our word and our sign,
So'mysterious divine,
They brought us to Canaan's blest land.
Tol lol de rol, &c.

Our heavenly guide
Did the waters divide,
Our priests with the ark march'd before;
And the waters did close,
To frustrate our foes,
When we all landed safe on the shore.
Tol lol de rol, &c.

From Moab we came,
Thro' Jericho's plain,
Escorted by two and an half;
Whom the same godly hand
That conducted our band,
From danger preserved all safe.
Tol lol de rol, &c.

Now we're fix'd in our tents,
No member repents
Communion with our social tribe;
And each true Israelite,
We friendly invite,
And our mysteries with him we'll divide.
Tol lol de rol, &c.

But the uncircumcis'd
By us are despis'd,
Let them grovel at home in the dark;

Lest, like th' priests of Baal,
 They victims may fall
 For presuming to look in the ark.
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

Strict allegiance we swear
 To our monarch so dear,
 And this, until death, is our strain;
 The Protestant cause,
 Its religion and laws,
 May each Orangeman's bosom maintain.
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

And now for to end,
 Here's a health to each friend,
 Who's heart is still loyal and true;
 May our colours still be
 The badge of loyalty,
 The bright Orange, Purple, and Blue.
 Tol lol de rol, &c.

THE TRUE ISRAELITE.

WHEN Abraham left Horeb, and the land of Chal-
 deans,
 In obedience to an order, but not for sake of gains,
 He was a chosen vessel, prepared for the Light,
 The father of the faithful, and a True Israelite.

From him descended Jacob, Grandfather of each Tribe,
 And among whom was Moses, and chosen for their
 guide,
 He was a loving Brother, and saw the shining Light,
 Which none on earth beholdeth but a True Israelite.

There was a darkness over Egypt for a short space of
time,
Which caused all True Israelites together to combine,
Six hundred thousand chosen men, blest by Jehovah's
beams,
Conducted were, by Moses, safe across the Purple
streams.

I've been chosen 'mongst this number, as you may
understand,
To leave Egyptian darkness, and view the Promised
Land;
But I was much disheartened, though little then I said,
When bidden to strip off my clothes, the Purple streams
to wade.

I was led into paths, quite destitute of sight,
Where none can be admitted but a True Israelite;
I rapp'd and cried, for two and a half had done the
same before,
When the Master said "An Israelite," and opened
wide the door.

Three paces I advanced, and was humbly bowing down,
When a hissing serpent stung me, and on me he did
frown;
Likewise the horns did loudly blow, just as we march-
ed around,
And like the walls of Jericho I fell upon the ground.

Three times then I ascended—which few will under-
stand,
Unto the top of Pisgah, where Moses viewed the land;
But each time came tumbling down, being deprived
of sight,
Till I at length received the Mark of a True Israelite.

But when at length I saw the light, I was no more
afraid,

Rememb'ring cunning workmen in Purple are arrayed;
Go search the Holy Scriptures, and you will find it
there;

are There ~~is~~ a few selected boys the Purple yet can wear.

Before I do conclude I'll mention a few things,—
How Joshua fought and conquered the two and thirty
Kings,—

How Gideon's foes, before his band, like April snow
did melt,

Beat by a few selected boys who lap'd but never knelt.

When Israel's sons crossed Jordan with Joshua as
their guide,

A stone was taken from the stream by a man in every
tribe;

And in a place called Gilgal, as holy writ doth say,
For a testimonial they remain unto the present day.

Here's a health unto our Worshipful, come all and
with me join;

For as Joshua crossed old Jordan, King William cross-
ed the Boyne;

Where Moses led the Israelites we'll cross the stream
again,

But Pharoah's host was swallowed up beneath the
raging main.

So now I will conclude, and no more I will explain;
But a sign was given to Noah, which doth with us
remain;

Be true unto your Standard, and there's none shall
you annoy,

For there's none so true and loving as a loyal Purple
Boy.

THE WIDOW'S FRIEND.

Oh did you hear the doleful news,
That galls the heart of all True Blues,
Our Royal Marksmen must refuse
Another step to go.
I tear it from the book of fate,
The page that holds the sad mandate,
Which has been issued here of late.
To cause our overthrow.

Dear brethren of the Scarlet band,
Who sought and found the promised land,
And marched together hand in hand
To conquer Jericho.
Oh! will ye now your rights maintain,
Or will ye travel back again?
I'm sure you'll answer with disdain,
And back you will not go!

Ye lustrous order of the Blue,
The brightest craftsmen worked for you,
And we'll assist each brother too,
Well skill'd in mystic lore.
Oh! think on him who once was tried,
And to preserve our secrets died!
Then let's press onward side by side,
Till foes assail no more.

For sure no true and valiant Knight
Who wears the emblem of true light,
And clothed in mystic armour bright,
Will break the vows he swore!
And it must be a vain decree,
That noble Knights of chivalry,
Shall sell their dearest liberty
And fall for evermore!

The unprotected we defend—
 The Orphan's help, the Widow's friend—
 The lonely stranger we attend,
 When in calamity;
 Our lives we freely would lay down
 For to support the British Crown,
 And fight for honour or renown
 Against each enemy.

Then brethren let us all repair,
 With due submission to the Chair,
 And hearts that still are free from care,
 To drink and merry be;
 Let each one by his brother stand,
 And take a bumper in his hand,
 And toast the Institution grand,
 With praises three times three.

THE DREAM.

ONE night as I slumbered and on my pillow lay,
 A vision came to me and thus he did say,
 "Arise from your slumber and quickly draw near,
 I'll show you the ground-work which now shines so
 clear."

CHORUS.

So you marksmen be steady and true to your cause,
 Remember bold Joshua and King William's laws.

Then I drew near to him just where he did stand,
 With a mantle he clothed me, and a star in my hand;
 Through valleys he led me, and paths where he trod,
 Where no one could travel but those that feared God.
 So you marksmen, &c.

Then I was admitted where no light did beam,
 I travelled through th' wilderness unto Jordan's stream;
 Till we came to a mountain, to the top I did climb,
 And the Worshipful Master gave me the Grand Sign;
 So you marksmen, &c.

Then we pursued our journey, Joshua was our guide,
 Saying "lift these twelve stones that's by Jordan's
 stream-side,"
 So we done it for Joshua, by Jehovah's good will,
 Who for the same cause made the Sun to stand still.
 So you marksmen, &c.

Then we travelled on our journey unto Jericho,
 And next unto Gilgal, where all marksmen must go;
 There we built up our Camp, 'twas by the Lord's
 command,
 And to this very moment our ground-work doth stand.
 So you marksmen, &c.

So come you Purple Marksmen who are link'd in one
 band,
 Let all join in chorns, while around me you stand,
 And may our Purple order still flourish and shine,
 And we'll think on the vision that gave us the grand
 sign.
 So you marksmen, &c.

TRUE BLUE.

HERE's a health to the friends that we lo',
 Be they with us, or be they awa';
 And wha winna wish gude luck to their frien',
 May never gude luck be their fa'.

It's gude to be merry and wise,
 It's gude to be honest and true,
 It's gude to stand fast to our flag to the last,
 Which, in friendship, is ever true blue.
 Then here's to the lad that is true
 To his frien', like his colors, true blue.
 For it's gude to stand fast to our flag to the last,
 And in friendship be ever True Blue.

Here's a health to the friend that we lo',
 The friend that will soon be awa',
 Here's a health to Robin, the pride of our clan,
 Tho' in sorrow he's leaving us a';
 May the roses of joy round his brow
 In the chaplet of honor be twin'd,
 And his true bosom know, hearts that warmly can glow
 As those he leaves sadden'd behind.
 Then fill to the lad that is true
 To his friend, like his colors, true blue,
 Who aye will stand fast to his flag to the last,
 And in friendship be ever True Blue.

THE MASON'S FAREWELL.

AIR—"Good night, and joy be wi' ye a'."

ADIEU, a heart-warm fond adieu,
 Dear brothers of the mystic tie;
 Ye favor'd and enlighten'd few,
 Companions of my social joy;
 Though I to foreign lands must hie,
 Pursuing fortune's sliddery ba';
 With melting heart and brimful eye,
 I'll mind you still tho' far awa.

Oft have I met your social band,
To spend a cheerful festive night;
Oft honor'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light;
And by that hieroglyphic bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw,
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath th' Omniscient eye above,
The glorious Architect divine!
That you may keep th' unerring line,
Still guided by the plummet's law,
Till order bright completely shine,
Shall be my prayer when far awa.

And you farewell, whose merits claim
Justly that highest badge to wear;
May Heaven bless your noble name,
To Masonry and Scotia dear;
A last request permit me here,
When yearly you assemble a',
One round, I ask it with a tear,
To him, the friend, that's far awa.

And you, kind-hearted sisters fair,
I sing farewell to all your charms,
Th' impression of your pleasing air,
With rapture oft my bosom warms;
Alas, the social winter's night
No more returns while breath we draw,
Till sisters, brothers, all unite,
In that Grand Lodge that's far awa.

Burns.

HAIL, MYSTERIOUS—GLORIOUS MASONRY!

Air—"Rule Britannia."

WHEN earth's foundations first were laid
 By the Almighty artist's hand,
 'Twas then our perfect laws were made—
 Establish'd by his strict command.
 Hail, mysterious—hail, glorious masonry
 That makes us ever great and free.

As man throughout for shelter sought,
 In vain from place to place did roam,
 Until from heaven he was taught
 To plan, to build, to fix his home.
 Hail, mysterious, &c.

Hence, illustrious rose our art,
 And now its beauteous piles appear,
 Which shall to endless time impart,
 How worthy and how great we are.
 Hail, mysterious, &c.

Nor yet less fam'd for every tie
 By which our inmost thoughts are bound,
 Love, truth, and friendship socially
 Join all our hearts and hands around.
 Hail, mysterious, &c.

Our actions still by virtue bless'd,
 And to our precepts ever true;
 The world admiring, shall request
 To learn, and our bright paths pursue.
 Hail, mysterious, &c.

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MASONIC SONG.

ALL hail to the morning
That bids us rejoice;
The temple's completed,
Exalt high each voice;
The cap-stone is finish'd,
Our labour is o'er;
The sound of the gavel
Shall hail us no more.

To the power Almighty, who ever has guided
The tribes of old Israel, exalting their fame,
To him who hath govern'd our hearts undivided,
Let's send forth our voices, to praise his great name.

Companions, assembled
On this joyful day,
(Th' occasion is glorious)
The key-stone to lay;
Fulfill'd is the promise,
By the Ancient of Days,
To bring forth the cap-stone,
With shouting and praise.
There's no more occasion for level or plumb-line,
For trowel or gavel, for compass or square;
Our works are completed, the Ark safely seated,
And we shall be greeted as workmen most rare.

Now those that are worthy,
Our toils who have shar'd,
And prov'd themselves faithful,
Shall meet their reward:
Their virtue and knowledge,
Industry and skill,
Have our approbation,
Have gain'd our good will.

We accept and receive the Most Excellent Masters,
 Invested with honours, and power to preside;
 Among worthy craftsmen, wherever assembled,
 The knowledge of masons to spread far and wide.

Almighty Jehovah,
 Descend now, and fill
 This Lodge with thy glory,
 Our hearts with good will!
 Preside at our meetings,
 Assist us to find
 True pleasure in teaching
 Good will to mankind.

Thy wisdom inspire the great institution,
 Thy strength shall support it, till nature expire;
 And when the creation shall fall into ruin,
 Its beauty shall rise through the midst of the fire!
T. S. Webb.

COME LET US PREPARE.

Come let us prepare,
 We brothers that are,
 Assembled on merry occasion;
 Let's be happy and sing,
 For life is a spring,
 To a Free and an Accepted Mason.

The world is in pain,
 Our secrets to gain,
 And still let them wonder and gaze on;
 They ne'er can divine,
 The word or the sign,
 Of a Free and an Accepted Mason.

'Tis this and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what,
Why so many great men in the nation,
Should aprons put on,
To make themselves one
With a Free and an Accepted Mason.

Great kings, dukes and lords,
Have laid by their swords,
Our myst'ry to put a good grace on;
And thought themselves fam'd,
To have themselves nam'd,
With a Free and an Accepted Mason.

We're true and sincere,
And just to the fair,
They'll trust us on any occasion;
No mortal can more
The ladies adore,
Than a Free and an Accepted Mason.

Then join hand in hand,
By each brother firm stand,
Let's be merry and put a bright face on;
What mortal can boast
So noble a toast,
As a Free and an Accepted Mason?

THE ENGLISHMAN FROM HOME.

I'll cross the Atlantic—I will,
I'll cross o'er the wide-rolling sea,

For my country is dear—and it still
Grows dearer and dearer to me.

Oh! why was I tempted to roam;
Or, tempted, so easily to stray?
Why forego the endearments of home,
The erring impulse to obey?

Where are the kind parents who bade
The tender and trembling "adieu!"
And, where is sweet Phoebe—dear maid,
Oh! girl of my heart! where are you?

Where, where are the scenes of my youth,
The flowery meads and the rills?

Oh! powerful language of truth!
My heart with emotion it fills!

My parents have left me, it says,
To find consolation above;
And Phoebe, not liking delays,
Has proven her love—fickle love.

But, shall I despair and resign
Myself up to sorrow of mind?

Oh, no! there's a nobler design—
To live for the good of mankind.

There are those who take by the hand
The orphan and child of distress!

I'll join heart and hand this true band
And taste with them true happiness.

And I'll visit the dear spot of earth,
Beneath which my parents' bones lie;

'Tho' weeping, rejoice o'er their worth,
And seek for their home in the sky.

So, I'll cross the Atlantic—I will,
I'll cross o'er old ocean's green sea,
For my country, old England, doth still
Grow dearer and dearer to me. J. G. L.

SONG OF THE REFUGEES.

MAY 18TH, 1783.

BEHOLD, behold! the ledges bold
Frown to the darkened wave;
No shouts from palace or from camp—
Artill'ry's roar nor horseman's tramp
Bids welcome to the brave;
But the frouzy fens, with vapours damp,
Exclaim "behold your grave!"

Avaunt, avaunt! ye frogs that chant
Within your stagnant bowers,—
Where th' eagle screams so wild and shrill,
As she seeks her nest on the rocky hill,—
'Tis there we'll build our towers;
And the pond we'll deck with a noisy mill,
For the whole—the whole is ours.

Where th' surges roar on a barren shore
Shall wharves and stores arise,
And where the sea-gull's flight is sped,
Or the bittern's shriek is heard with dread,
As th' rocks resound her cries,

A spire shall lift its lofty head,
And taper to the skies.

Where the sullen bear in her shelter'd lair
Pines for the coming spring,
And where the wild fox digs his den,
Clust'ring, the snug abodes of men
Their shadows wide shall fling;
And hushed shall be those wild notes when
Our sweet Church-bells shall ring.

The tow'ring masts which bear the blasts
Shall stud the harbour wide,
And, levelled by th' electric shock,
Smooth streets shall run where the huge rock
Looks sternly on the tide;
And there the fluttering crowds shall flock,
And gay equestrians ride.

The busy hum of life and dram
Shall hail this far-famed day;
The red-cross flag shall proudly soar—
Our arm'd descendants flutt'ring o'er—
And martial bands shall play,
To celebrate with wild uproar
THE EIGHTEENTH DAY OF MAY.
T. Hill.

STANZAS TO THE WATER LILY.

AIR—The Lass of Gowrie.

MODEST flower! that seeks to hide;
Thy face beneath some swelling tide,
Where th' light canoes in silence glide
From the dun deer hunt returning.

Sweetest, thou dispels the gloom—
 Call'd forth by former settlers' doom,
 And bids our exiled race to bloom—
 Till brightest hopes are burning.

When darkness flings on earth her pall,
 And night-dews on thy leaflets fall,
 Thy mantle closes over all—
 Thy head in sorrow bending;
 But when awake by Sol's behest,
 Thy spreading leaves on th' waters rest,
 And th' cheering rays upon thy breast
 With softest tints are blending.

Fair emblem of each refugee!
 How much he now resembles thee!
 Forced from his native land to flee,
 He droops his head in sorrow,—
 A victim of rebellion foul—
 His spirit yet shall burst control,
 And though to-night cares crush his soul,
 His hopes shall spring to-morrow.

The Rose of England may be fair,
 And Scotia's sons the Thistle rear,
 The Shamrock still may flourish where
 The brave Hibernians rally,
 But modest flower—to England true,
 We'll mix thy colours with the blue,
 Nor time nor rebels change the hue,
 Sweet "Lily of the valley!" T. HILL.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

I HAVE tasted each varied pleasure,
 And drank of the cup of delight;

I have danced to the gayest measure,
 In th' Halls of dazzling bright;
 I have dwelt in a blaze of Splendour,
 And stood in the Courts of Kings,
 I have snatched at each toy that could render
 More rapid the flight of time's wings.
 But vainly I sought for joy and peace,
 In that life of light and shade,
 And I turned with a sigh to my own dear home,
 The home where my childhood played.

When Jewels are sparkling around me,
 And dazzling with their rays,
 I pine for the ties that bound me,
 In life's first early days;
 I long for one of those sunny hours,
 Ere day was turned to night,—
 For one of those nosegays of fresh wild flowers,
 Instead of those Jewels bright.
 I weep when I gaze on the scentless toys,
 That can never bloom or fade,
 And I turn with a sigh to those gay green fields—
 The home where my childhood played.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

THE "LOYALIST."*

"Tis duty that calls us, and we will obey;
 'Tis the deep debt of gratitude bids us to say

* Our readers will excuse us for inserting these lines when we tell them that it is at the earnest request of the Author, (J. G. L.) who has contributed several songs for this work.—[Ed.]

That the "Loyalist" paper deserves us to fill
Our Glasses, and drink to the health of T. Hill,

When warm-hearted Neth'ry was attacked by Boors,
The blood-thirsty villains, who surrounded his doors,
When the cowardly Mayor did not dare interpose,
To protect worthy men from such devilish foes.

And, when villains of every grade and degree,
From the midnight assassin to him who takes "fee,"
Were assiduously trying, each in his own way,
The flag of rebellion aloft to display.

It was then Doak & Hill forth fearlessly came,
In the might and the pow'r of Conservative fame,
Expos'd the dark deeds of the disloyal crew,
And proved that the "Loyalist" is a "true blue."

Tho' incarcerated anywhere have been,
The victims of malice, injustice and spleen,
Yet, unflinching integrity still they held fast,
Their flag, like brave Nelson, they "nail'd to the mast."

Their "Standard" is rais'd, near "Head Quarters"
it stands,
Come boys rally 'round it with hearts and with hands
That ne'er will relinquish the glorious strife
Of war, with the foe that would sap Saxon life.

Come boys, rally 'round it with "three British cheers,"
And ne'er be dismay'd till the "Loyalist" fears.
'Till then we may safely expect to retain
The hope, that New-Brunswick her rights will attain.

So new to the "Loyalist"—loyal and true
We tender our praise, as all patriots do.

O long may it flourish our birth right to screen—
Three cheers for the Loyalist, and nine for the Queen.

NEW-BRUNSWICK GIRLS.

AIR—Jessy o' Dumblane.

Come fill the glass cheerly—a bumper o' kindness,
To the fair of New-Brunswick, whom none can excel;

For surely his eyes must be stricken with blindness,
Who'd a stranger prefer to a New-Brunswick belle.
They're blooming and fair—void of showy refining—
And pure as the heavens which o'er them unfurl;
Their beauty and goodness so sweetly entwining—
No heart but must worship our New-Brunswick
Girls.

The fair of Italia, so witty and sprightly,
Are fickle, and often prove false to their lords,
While the ladies of Spain, whose black eyes shine so
brightly,

Must sometimes be won by their lovers keen swords,
And the famed belles of France, though they've all
that can varnish,
Voluptuously clasp'd, in the giddy waltz whirls;
But waltz nor fandango, nor aught that can tarnish,
Shall e'er fix a stain on our New-Brunswick Girls.

Here are blonds and brunettes—here is ev'ry complexion,

From the maid of Glendower to th' Saxon or Dane;
All duteous and kind, such unbounded affection,
That search the world through you'll ne'er find it
again.

If e'er they once love you, though trouble o'ertake
 you—
 Though poverty on you its thunderbolt hurls—
 Though blighted and seared, they will never forsake
 you—
 May heaven still bless them, our New-Branswick
 Girls. *T. Hill.*

FARE THEE WELL.

French Air.

FARE thee well land of my birth,

Dear unto me ever,

Not an object on this earth

My heart from thee shall sever.

Chorus—Charming were thy flowery dells

When last I gazed upon thee;

Sweetly rung the village bells

When fortune tore me from thee.

Fare thee well my childhood's home,

Where long I dwelt so blithely;

Though destined far from thee to roam,

I'll dream upon thee nightly.

Can I forget—while Flora's beam

Came glimmering down the alley—

How oft I've wandered by the stream

Which decks thy rural valley!

Can I forget that ancient pile

With gothic shire and sashes,

24 While sleeps in the surrounding soil
25 My friends'—my mother's ashes!

26 The friends from whom I wept to part—
27 Whom still I love most dearly—
28 Thou still retains with them my heart,
29 And life from thee how dreary!

30 Those evening bells—how dear the sound—
31 How oft with childish wonder,
32 I've listened to the cheering round
33 Awakening echo's thunder.

34 One lonely wish my bosom draws—
35 From foreign lands to sally;
36 Once more the raging main to cross,
37 And see my native valley
38 Charming were thy flowery dells
39 When last I gazed upon thee,
40 Sweetly rung the village bells
41 When fortune tore me from thee.

42 *THE HILL.*

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